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A RISING TIDE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

The west wind clears the morning,
The seas shine silver-gray;
The night was long, but fresh and strong
Awakes the breezy day:
Like smoke that flies across the lift,
The clouds are faint and thin;
And near and far along the bar
The tide comes creeping in.

The dreams of midnight showed me
A life of loneliness,
A stony shore, that knew no more
The bright wave's soft caress;
The morning broke, the visions fled—
With dawn new hopes begin:
The light is sweet, and at my feet
The tide comes rolling in.

Over the bare, black boulders
The ocean sweeps and swells;
Oh, waters, wide, ye come to hide
Dull stones and empty shells!
I hear the floods lift up their voice
With loud, triumphant din:
Sad dreams depart—rest, doubting heart,
The tide comes floating in!

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

I DID not know he had returned," Sidney said calmly, putting out her hand to Squire Rutledge, who had come up to greet her, and who looked remarkably well, but not very well satisfied at the admiring group around his wife.

"Are you going to ride with us to-day, Miss Arnold?" he asked, with a nod to Frank, who returned it with equal coolness. "You ought not to be a timid rider."

"I am not," Sidney said smiling. "But my father does not care for me to hunt."

"Old-fashioned prejudice!" Mr. Rutledge rejoined. "I am going to have my wife out as soon as I have a proper mount for her."

"You will never make a horsewoman of Mrs. Rutledge," said Frank almost rudely.

"And why not, young sir?" inquired the other haughtily.

"Because she is constitutionally timid," Frank answered coolly; "and she has never ridden."

"It does not follow that she never will ride," fumed the Squire testily; "and I have seen no timidity in Mrs. Rutledge."

"Have you not?" said Frank, in the same cool impertinent manner. "Perhaps you do not know her so well as I did before her marriage. Ah, Daunt! so you have got back again?" he went on, disregarding Mr. Rutledge's furious glances with an insolence which increased the Squire's anger; while Sidney's heart sank with a sudden terrible fear, and she could hardly find words to answer Stephen's kindly, friendly greeting as he rode up to them and held out his hand first to her, then to Frank.

Pale with anger, Mr. Rutledge rode away.

Frank's blue eyes followed him as he joined the group round his wife's carriage.

Stephen's followed him also, with a rather puzzled expression.

He had seen the intense fear in Sidney's face, and seeing it, had joined them immediately.

"The old fool looks like one of Moliere's jealous husbands!" Frank said, with a harsh jeering laugh.

"I don't think his wife is to be envied, and——"

He broke off suddenly, checking the harsh words only by a strong effort when he saw the terror in Sidney's eyes, and forcing a smile as he turned to her.

"Surely on such a recommendation you will hunt to-day, Sidney?" he said. "Rutledge has been advising Sidney to follow the hounds, Daunt," he added, turning to Stephen.

"Has he? I don't think she will take the advice," Stephen returned, in his languid tone. "Have you been quite well all these weeks, Sidney?"

"Yes," she said nervously. "Have you had a pleasant time, Stephen?"

"Yes. I went partly on business, you know; and, as I succeeded in that, I may call it a successful journey. Dolly tells me you have almost deserted her," he added gently; "but, of course"—with a little smile—"your time is fully taken up just now."

"Dolly did not seem to care to see me."

"Nay, that must have been your imagination," Stephen replied laughingly. "There is no one whom Dolly loves better than you, Sidney—there are very few whom she loves as well."

"Dear Dolly!" Sidney said softly, glancing over at the pony-carriage and its occupants, and thinking how much more elegant Lady Eva's rich black silk and lace looked than Mrs. Rutledge's elaborate velvet, costly as it was; and then her brown eyes traveled to the barouche, and rested for a moment on Sibyl's beautiful triumphant face, which, with all its triumph, had something of dissatisfaction upon it; while Stephen Daunt's eyes sought her own face, and he wondered at the change which a few short weeks had made in it.

It seemed to have lost all its brightness, to have grown older and graver; nevertheless it was lovelier than ever in its new unrest and yearning.

"Is Ashford going to be very gay for the New Year?" he asked presently.

"I do not know; I have not heard," the girl answered wearily.

"We ought to do something to welcome such a beautiful bride," he remarked, smiling. "What say you, Greville?"

Frank laughed again, the same harsh jeering laugh, and muttered something between his teeth.

The horsemen had gradually fallen away from Mrs. Rutledge's carriage now, and the Squire and his wife were alone.

He was talking earnestly and eagerly, and she was looking up at him with a smile of contemptuous amusement.

Then, while he was still beside her, she turned, bowed smilingly to Frank, and made a little gesture which seemed to beckon him to her side.

Sidney, looking at Mr. Rutledge, saw that his face was white as death, positively livid with anger.

"I suppose I ought to go and pay my *devoirs*," Frank said suddenly, in a harsh constrained voice. "Will you excuse me, Sidney?"

"Will you not come also?" asked Stephen, bending forward slightly.

"No. Certainly go, if you like, Frank; Stephen will remain with me until you come back," said Sidney, glancing at Daunt entreatingly; and the next minute Mrs. Rutledge was smiling graciously and holding out her hand to Frank, while her husband, with his face pale with rage and mortification, sat by her on his handsome horse.

"Will you come and speak to Dolly?" Stephen asked gently, anxious to remove the anxiety from the fair young face; and Sidney turned her horse's head in silence, then pulled up.

"I think—I think I ought to speak to Mrs. Rutledge," she said hesitatingly, looking at Stephen with pleading eyes.

"Yes, certainly," he agreed readily, in an easy pleasant voice; and they rode across the field together.

Mrs. Rutledge's greeting was a very cold one.

She did not put out her hand to Sidney, as she had done to her *fiance*.

She smiled coldly and bowed her head, and greeted Miss Arnold with a few languid words.

Stephen thought afterwards that, if he had not loved Sidney already, he must have loved her then for the gentle, pretty grace of manner, so pleasant and cordial, which she showed.

"I have not seen you since your engagement, Miss Arnold," Mrs. Rutledge said, in her sweet but rather metallic voice. "I ought to congratulate you, I suppose, if marriage is a subject for congratulation, which I am inclined to doubt," she added, with a slight glance at her husband, who sat erect on his saddle, irate and furious, gnawing at his stiff gray moustache.

"Whether it be so or not must depend upon circumstances," put in Frank ironically. "Similarity of tastes, of pursuits, and suitability of age are generally considered——"

"Oh, spare us a homily on marriage!" Sibyl said, with languid deprecation. "Nothing warns people when they are bent on self-destruction, you know—neither advice nor threats"—with a peculiar glance at Frank—"nor persuasion"—with another glance at Stephen. "One wants to find out for oneself, and one forgets that, should the discovery prove an unpleasant one, it will be too late to undo what is done."

She ended with a little shrug of the shoulders and a slight tuneless laugh.

Mr. Rutledge, who had with difficulty suppressed his impatience, said sharply—

"Are we going to talk nonsense all day? Daunt, are you ready? Hunting is a thing of the past, it seems to me now!"

"Ah, hunting is not what it was when you were young, Squire!" remarked Frank Greville, in a manner which was all the more insolent from its apparent politeness and the bow and smile that accompanied the words.

Mrs. Rutledge laughed again, the same slight contemptuous laugh, and glanced from Frank's handsome, insolent, haggard face to her husband's, angry and wrathful and almost repulsive in its fury.

"No, sir," he said, with forced calmness, stung out of all self-command by his wife's laugh, "it is not! Now everybody hunts, from pettifogging lawyers to——"

"Fraudsmen like myself," Stephen threw in, in his smiling indifferent manner, touching his horse with the whip, which made it rear, and so created a little commotion, which prevented Frank's furious reply.

Almost simultaneously the hounds gave tongue, and Squire Rutledge, a keen sportsman, forgot even his anger against Frank as he rode away and the rest of the Hunt followed pell-mell across the field.

But the fox was too cunning for the hounds, and after a few minutes, Stephen found himself, with some half-dozen others, riding over a grassy hill, looking down upon hounds and huntsmen thrown off the scent in the valley below.

"Lost him!" said a man near him laconically. "You rode capitally, Miss Arnold."

"Sidney!"

Stephen turned sharply in his saddle, to see Sidney's pretty mare close behind him, the girl's sweet face flushed and excited, but with that nameless fear still in her brown eyes. Stephen turned and rode beside her.

"Where is Greville?" he said hurriedly. "Is this the care he takes of you Sidney?"

"He did not know I was coming," she answered unsteadily. "Stephen, do not be angry. I could not help it; I was afraid——"

"Hush, dear! I understand," he said very gently; and they pulled up side by side.

There was a moment's silence, the color dying out of Sidney's face now, the excited light disappearing from her eyes; but the fear was there still—a fear she could hardly have explained even to herself, but which made every pulse throb, every nerve thrill with nervous terrified anticipation.

"Do you think you can find your way home alone?" Stephen Daunt inquired, in the kindly matter-of-fact manner which was most calculated to put her at her ease.

"Yes—oh, yes! But——"

"I will look after Frank," he went on smiling. "He shall do nothing imprudent to-day, I promise you, Sidney."

She hesitated, looking up at him with restless anxious eyes. Stephen leaned forward in his saddle.

"You can trust me, Sidney?" he said gently. "Surely you can trust me?"

"I do—I do trust you," she answered excitedly; "and—yes, I will go home now."

She turned away without another word, and rode off.

Stephen, watching the pretty drooping figure until it disappeared, felt a passionate throb of anger at his heart against Frank Greville.

"I would have taken better care of her than that," he said to himself, as he rode off to fulfil his promise to her. "Poor child, she deserves a happier fate!"

And late that afternoon Sidney, watching at one of the windows of the Gray House, looking out into the street in which the lamps were lighted and shone through a gray misty drizzle, saw the two young men riding slowly side by side up the centre of the wide thoroughfare.

They glanced at the Gray House as they passed, and Stephen saw the little watching figure at the lighted window, and lifted his hat and smiled.

Frank pulled up.

"I will go and ask Sidney for some tea," he said. "Will you come Daunt?"

"Thank you, no. My mother will be uneasy; it is late already," Stephen answered and rode away homewards in the wintry twilight, thinking how cheerily the fire would be blazing in the charming old drawing-room of the Gray House, and how Sidney's face would brighten into such sweet welcome of her lover. And, as he thought he sighed.

* * * * * * *

"Do you quite understand me, Sibyl?"

There was no answer.

Mr. Rutledge, standing before the wood-fire in his wife's room, looking, as his wont was now, angry and moody, repeated the question in a louder tone; but it was received with the same indifference and inattention.

His wife never raised her eyes from her book.

She was lying back in a low, deep arm-chair drawn up near the fire, looking wondrously beautiful, queenly, and negligent, a book in one hand, a hand-screen, delicately painted and elaborately carved, in the other, shading her face from the fire.

It would have been difficult to find a more exquisite picture.

The anger in the Squire's eyes only deepened as he marked her beauty and felt that although she was his wife, he was powerless to make the color deepen in her cheek or the light sparkle in her eyes, and reflected that during the three months of their married life she had always shown him the same negligence and indifference almost bordering on contempt—she, the poor homeless governess, without connection or position, whom he had made mistress

of Rutledge Hall, and to whom he had given his name—one well known and respected in the whole county.

It was entirely owing to his high position, he told himself indignantly, that she had met with such a reception in the country.

He had an uneasy feeling that he was not a popular man himself; but he had been generally respected as a good landlord and an honorable gentleman, and his wealth was great, his position undeniable.

All the county people called upon Mrs. Rutledge, and came away impressed not only by her wondrous beauty, but by her perfect ease of manner and self-possession. No queen receiving her subjects could have been more gracious and dignified and stately, and the great ladies who had come prepared to patronize the Squire's nameless young wife had found themselves received in a manner which effectually put a stop to any patronage or encouragement on their part, and they had driven away, feeling half vexed, half amused at Sibyl's graceful self-possessed manner of turning the tables and making them "countrified" and behind the times.

Sibyl's wonderful beauty had never appeared to greater advantage than in the stately gloomy rooms of her husband's old mansion.

It shone like a jewel in a sombre setting which made it all the more gorgeous.

To see her in her costly dresses moving about the gloomy rooms, with the wintry sunlight falling upon her hair, was a sight which would have enchanted an artist, and she did the honors of her new home with a grace and dignity which could not fail to excite admiration.

But there was no admiration in her husband's eyes as they rested upon her now, although she made a beautiful picture.

The firelight fell softly on the long rich folds of her velvet dress of a peculiar dead-leaf shade, and was reflected back by the diamonds on her long white fingers; her beautiful head was resting against the satin cushions of her chair, the costly lace of her ruffles fell away from the white throat, disclosing its beautiful proportions, and her face, on which fell the light from the reading-lamp by her side, was calm and proud as usual; no movement, no change in its expression betraying that she had heard his irritated question.

Squire's stock of patience, always a limited one, failed him.

"Do you hear me madam?" he said angrily, raising his voice. "Have you lost your sense of hearing as well as your knowledge of what is due to me? Do you hear me, I say?" he repeated furiously, stamping his foot upon the ground so heavily that the china in an inlaid cabinet near rattled and shook.

Mrs. Rutledge put down her book slowly languidly raised her white lids, and looked at him calmly, still shading her beautiful face from the heat of the fire.

"Well?" she questioned calmly, with no other expression on her face than a slight, a very slight look of dislike.

"Will?" he returned fiercely. "Did you hear me, I repeat?"

"Not being stone-deaf, I could not fail to hear you," she answered, in the same quiet manner. "I should think the servants hear equally well."

"Why did you not answer me then?" he asked testily, slightly ashamed of the passion he had allowed to master him so completely.

"When I said that I heard you, I did not say that I understood you," she said coolly. "Indeed, although the one was exceedingly possible, the other was totally impossible!"

"And yet I spoke plainly, I think."

"Did you? I am sorry to be obliged to differ from you; but you will have to speak still more plainly to make me understand. You must dot your 'i's' and cross your 't's,'" she added, with a slight laugh.

"It is no laughing matter!" he exclaimed his anger rising again.

"Is it not? Pardon me. We see things doubtless from a different point of view. That is only natural, all things considered," she said, with a slight sneer. "I find your unreasonable anger most amusing."

"Unreasonable!" he echoed. "My—my anger is perfectly justified. I think you do not understand, madam, who and what I am!"

"Do I not?" she answered negligently. "I think I understand you well enough."

"Then, if so, how is it that your conduct does not show that you do?"

Nothing could have been more contemptuous than the little low laugh with which she received his words.

It stung him sharply, encased in an armor of pride though he was.

He had sat down opposite to her, trying to emulate her composure; now he rose angrily, pushing away the chair so hastily that—it was a light gilt chair—it fell backwards.

Sibyl laughed again as he bent awkwardly and picked it up.

If she had been less beautiful, perhaps her insolent indifference would have touched him less.

The wondrous love which had made him woo her had power over him still, and he knew that it had.

He felt that he would have given half his wealth to win from her now the gracious words and smiles she gave to others, and of which she had been lavish enough to him before their marriage.

It maddened him to see how completely his money and position had overruled her in her acceptance of him.

He had been in a fool's paradise for a time; but now he would have a far longer time in which to discover his mistake.

Glancing around him at the beautiful room in which they sat, one of a suite he had furnished in the most luxurious manner for its bride, at the signs of wealth and luxury on every side, at the costly trifles with which she had surrounded herself, at the rich soft folds of her dress, the diamonds upon her fingers, the rich laces at her throat and wrist, and knowing that it was to him she owed them all, his anger deepened and increased, until he had hard work to repress the furious words which rose to his lips.

Her very indifference and contempt maddened him almost beyond endurance; he turned away abruptly, and walked hastily to the end of the room.

It was yet early in the afternoon; but the December day was gray and dark without, and it looked as if snow were threatening.

The Squire had been out hunting, and still wore his splashed boots and rather muddy hunting-coat.

The scent had been all lost and they had had poor sport that afternoon.

But it was not merely the want of success in the hunting-field which had exasperated him.

He had other causes for annoyance in a few words he had overheard that morning, and their meaning was rankling still.

"I am expecting some young ladies to afternoon tea," Sibyl said calmly, glancing at the little jewelled watch. "Therefore this is not a very fitting time for a conjugal lecture, and——"

"There is no better time than the present," he replied sharply. "And I am accustomed to choose my own time. It is quite necessary that there should be some understanding between. Your conduct displeases me."

"Have you been reading Dickens lately?" she asked. "It would be an agreeable change from 'Bell's Life' and 'Field,' which form your usual literature."

"What do you mean?" he said testily. "I have already told you that this is no laughing matter, Sibyl, and——"

"I am not laughing," she rejoined languidly. "But you seem to have made an exhaustive study of 'Dombey and Son.' I believe in one chapter Mr. Dombey addresses his wife in almost the same terms as you have done me the honor to use this afternoon."

"I repeat that I am not jesting," he interrupted angrily. "You must hear me. I insist!"

"So did Mr. Dombey," broke in Sibyl's languid voice.

"I insist upon attention and obedience," he resumed, not heeding the interruption.

"For several weeks past—indeed ever since we returned home—your behavior has not pleased me.

"You apparently forget that when I married you"—Mr. Dombey himself could hardly have laid more emphasis on the pronouns, or made that emphasis more insulting—"I gave you my name, which has never been dishonored yet, wealth which you could have had no hope of possessing, and a position of which anybody, however well-born, might be proud.

"It is hardly unreasonable, I think, to expect from you in return a certain amount of respect for my wishes, which you have chosen until now entirely to disregard."

"In what manner?"

She spoke with perfect composure, still leaning back upon the satin cushions of her low chair.

She had dropped the hand-screen upon her lap, and, as the firelight fell upon her face, it gave it a color which it would not otherwise possessed.

"In what manner! Need you ask? Very shortly after your marriage I had reason to make some remarks upon your behavior towards—towards two young men who formerly were merely on terms of formal politeness here, but to whom you have permitted a very unusual intimacy, encouraging their visits in a way that, especially in the present circumstances, I cannot approve."

He paused to take breath.

The long white fingers upon Sibyl's lap pressed the ivory handle of the hand-screen so tightly that it snapped in two.

She threw it from her with a negligent gesture.

"And what are the present circumstances?" she said.

Mr. Rutledge hesitated.

He saw that his wife's indifference was more or less feigned, and he saw too that there was no fear mingling with the aversion he could not help reading in her beautiful scornful eyes.

But he had gone too far now to recede with honor, and it was as well that they should understand each other once for all, in order to avoid any repetition of such a disagreeable scene as this.

"The present circumstances are somewhat unusual," he resumed, after a moment's consideration.

"You, Sibyl, have been raised from a position of dependence and inferiority—you yourself owned it to me before your marriage, so you cannot be offended at my words—to one of some distinction; and I dare say you are hardly to blame in not knowing that Mrs. Rutledge must pursue a very different course of conduct from that followed by Miss Neil, who, notwithstanding her beauty, was, comparatively speaking, a very insignificant person, and who, from her very insignificance, possessed a liberty she must be content now to forfeit."

"Will you be more explicit?" she said calmly, rising, and drawing herself up to her full height, no change in her proud face, save in her eyes, which were full of anger and dislike now—dislike for the man whom she had sworn at the altar to love, honor, and obey, to whom she had sold herself, thinking that the sale would be for her benefit—sold herself basely, shamefully, bartering her beauty for his wealth.

"You might have spared me any further explanations, Sibyl," he replied, in some embarrassment, for he was too true a gentleman under his gloomy morose manner willingly to put into words the suspicions which were tormenting him.

"But, since you wish me to be more explicit, I will ask you not to encourage the attention either of Frank Greville the younger or Stephen Daunt, who are both of them constant and frequent visitors here. I have already spoken to you on this subject."

"You complained to me once that Mr. Frank Greville did not treat you with the respect due—to your age, I suppose you meant.

"I spoke to him, and he apologized to me readily and fully.

"Why should I not receive him then? He has not offended you again, I presume?"

"The difference between Frank Greville's position and mine is sufficiently well marked to give me a strong claim to a respectful manner from him. His father and I have been on excellent terms for many years."

"Birds of a feather!" Sibyl sneered, with her mocking laugh.

"And Mr. Greville himself has never presumed upon his position of confidential adviser to my family.

"There is a great difference between a country lawyer, however high he may stand in his profession, and a gentleman of my position, and I should discourage any intimacy on that ground alone, if I had no other reason for doing so; but you yourself must see the impropriety of frequent intercourse with a young man who aspired, or who is supposed to have aspired, to the honor of your hand."

Again the little mocking laugh broke from Sibyl's lips.

"His engagement to Miss Arnold after a long period of devotion is sufficient contradiction of that report; and, as his *fiancee* is—is"—she had more difficulty in bringing out the words—"a friend of mine, I can see no impropriety in his visits here. The difference in your positions exists chiefly in your imagination, since Mr. Greville's family is an old one; and he is much esteemed in Ashford."

"Be that as it may," he answered, his forbearance giving way before her continued disdain, "his visits here at all hours must cease. He shall not be at home here, insolent, ill-bred coxcomb!"

"I have seen no want of civility or good breeding in Mr. Greville," she rejoined coolly.

"On the contrary, I should certainly imagine him to be too much of a gentleman to taunt a woman he had married with her former dependence and poverty," she added looking fully at her husband as she stood facing him, tall and proud and beautiful, a strange contrast in her youth and beauty to the man opposite to her, who at his best had never been handsome, and who now in his passion lost all the dignity and self-regard which might have given him some claim to respect in his young wife's eyes.

"You are probably not such a good judge of good breeding as you suppose," he said furiously.

"But, even if Mr. Frank Greville's politeness were beyond question. I will not have him here on intimate terms. I am not accustomed, as I have said, to make friends among the lower classes."

Sibyl Rutledge's laugh rang clearly through the firelit room, a laugh almost merry, but with a touch of bitterness in its merriment.

The Squire ground his teeth together in almost irrepressible anger; but, before he could speak, his wife said languidly—

"Had you not better tell him so the next time he comes?

"Miss Arnold is coming this afternoon, and I dare say he will accompany her; and there is no time like the present, you know.

"It is a pity that Mr. Stephen Daunt will not be here.

"Pray, may I inquire what reason you will give for refusing to receive him also?"

"I think you will hardly force me to speak plainly," he replied, mastering his anger by a strong effort.

"Mr. Daunt had, through the laxity of country society, obtained the *entree* here before I had taken the honor of meeting you.

"His father's position is one of unquestionable influence; his mother, before her marriage, was received in the highest society.

"Against the young man himself I have nothing to say, except that I disapprove of his visits here and his attention to you."

The beautiful face turned towards him was white as death now, the red lips were set and firm, and the white hand which had been hanging by her side caught at the soft rich folds of velvet and crumpled them in the long jewelled fingers.

Perhaps her silence, perhaps something in her face, a look perhaps in the beautiful eyes which had not been there a minute before, made the Squire's anger lessen a little.

"Mr. Stephen Daunt is so infinitely superior in very respect to young Greville," he said, in some embarrassment; but she interrupted him sharply—

"He is richer you mean."

"My words have no such meaning," he said sharply.

"You wilfully misunderstand me, Sibyl. I mean that, although you do not seem to appreciate Mr. Stephen Daunt as well as Mr. Frank Greville, I——"

She turned to him fiercely.

"You are mistaken," she cried. "I appreciate Mr. Stephen Daunt so highly that, had the choice been offered me, I would rather have been Stephen Daunt's slave than your wife!"

The passionate words fell from her lips with a clear sharp intonation.

Before Mr. Rutledge could reply—for they had startled him extremely—he saw his wife's face change, and he turned hastily.

Two young ladies had entered the room, and the door was just closing upon the retreating figure of the servant who had announced them, and his wife was welcoming them with outstretched hands and graceful words of greeting.

"How do you do, Miss Greville? I am charmed to see you, Miss Arnold! It is so good of you to take pity upon me on such a dreary day.

"Squire, you know these young ladies, I think; do you not?"

The Squire could not recover his equanimity so easily.

He managed to utter a few words before he left the room, wondering uneasily whether the girls had overheard any of the stormy conversation which they had interrupted.

Sibyl Rutledge knew by one glance at Sidney's face that she had overheard the words, and a swift sudden gleam of mockery came into her eyes as she made the girls draw near the fire and rang for tea, settling herself in her cushioned arm-chair again, and chatting away in her clear metallic voice lightly and carelessly, without a trace of the passion and scorn she had evinced towards her husband so short a time before.

"Shall we have some more light?" she said languidly, when tea had been brought in. "I like the firelight, if you do. You do? Then you need not bring any lights, Johnson."

Christine Greville, a fair, pretty girl, with much of her brother's beauty and with the same expression of weakness and indecision about her mouth and chin which so gravely marred his face, was chatting gaily also as she sipped her tea, and the topic was the approaching Hunt ball, always a very gay affair and one of the events of the at Ashford.

In this festivity Sibyl was, or professed herself to be, greatly interested.

"It will be my first appearance in public at Ashford," she said, laughingly. "Dinner-parties do not count, you know. I want to make a triumphal appearance, and it must be at a ball. Ah, Mr. Greville"—holding out her hand to Frank, as he entered, with a quick, charming smile—"I thought you would find your way here this afternoon! Mr. Daunt, why is not Dolly with you?"

Stephen answered, smiling, as he bowed over the little hand so graciously extended. "And indeed we ought to apologize for coming into your presence in such a guise," he added, glancing at his hunting-coat and splashed "tops."

"You need not," she returned languidly. "*Monsieur mon mari* has already put in her appearance incrusted with mud, and he made no excuses.

"I am sure Miss Arnold would forgive Mr. Greville a graver misdemeanor," she added, with a smiling glance at Sidney, who was speaking to Frank, and whose face looked very pale, but very lovely, under her large feathered hat.

"I think she would," Stephen said almost involuntarily.

"How is it you were not at the meet today, Mrs. Rutledge?"

"*Monsieur mon mari* disapproves," she said demurely, handing him some tea. "If he could put me in a glass-case and keep me there, he would do so, I verily believe."

"That is not surprising," Stephen said, with a bow and smile; and Sidney saw how Frank Greville's passionate, haggard eyes went swiftly and fiercely to them where they stood, and how an angry frown knit his brows as he saw Stephen taking the cup of tea from the white hands of the beautiful woman who looked so superb and stately in her rich dress and so perfectly in keeping with her costly surroundings.

Having received his tea, however, Stephen drew back, and the conversation became general, the subject still being the Hunt ball, and the decorations, and dresses and preparations for that looked-forward-to event.

"Dolly has at last made my mother consent to her going," Stephen remarked, smiling, "and the child is wild with delight."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Rutledge said, smiling.

"It will be my debut also, for I have never yet been at a ball. We shall both remember that night, I dare say," she added, with a little laugh.

Remember that night!

Of the five young people present not one ever forgot the night of the Hunt ball and the horror to which it gave birth, although, as they sat round the fire in the beautiful room, none of them dreamed of the misery in store for all.

Years afterwards Sidney Arnold could have described that firelit scene—the two young men in their hunting garb, the beautiful woman lying back on her satin cushions the diamonds on her fingers flashing back the firelight, the artistic background of the costly furniture and bric-a-brac, Christie

Greville's golden hair and blue eyes and white skin showing so delicately fair against her black velveteen dress, Frank's haggard, handsome face, his blue, passionate eyes, which so rarely left Sibyl's beautiful face, notwithstanding the constraint he put upon himself, and Stephen's tall figure, his grave face rather in the shadow, as he stood somewhat behind the group round the fire.

Presently the conversation began to flag a little, and, after a little pause, Stephen put down his tea-cup and went over to the piano, which was open, and sitting down, ran his fingers over the keys.

Sidney remembered afterwards the "at homeness" that there was in his manner, how he had not waited to ask permission, or for a request that he should play, but had done so as easily and carelessly as if he had been at Lambswold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jack Burnard.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

THE old year was dying to the distant tolling of church bells.

Not freezing to death, as he should do, wrapped in a white winding-sheet of snow, but clothed with moist, warm mist, that hid the fair young moon, which ought to have been watching his last struggles. There was just light enough to see how the drip, drip of water from the eaves ploughed up the gravel in front of Dr. Lane's conservatory.

There was just stillness enough, between bursts of merry chat and laughter from the next room, to hear how wearily the wind was sighing outside.

Ella Lane, pressing hot cheeks and throbbing forehead to the cool glass, sighed also.

She could catch every word that was said of course.

To all intents, dining-room and conservatory were one, separated only by folding-doors, thrown partly open to-night to lessen the unseasonable heat.

They were a merry, bantering party, from whom she had escaped for a few minutes on the plea of headache.

Just now the subject of their banter was Jack Burnard.

She could hear his deep bass growl, that she, poor, foolish child, had thought the sweetest music in the world, rising in expostulation amid the silvery treble of her sister's, her father's quiet chuckle of enjoyment, and Ada Bray's somewhat masculine shout of laughter.

She could see that young lady twirling herself from side to side upon the music-stool, with careless and not ungraceful abandon.

Her teeth gleaming dazzlingly, her black eyes flashing coquettishly on some person invisible—on Jack Burnard, she knew well—on Jack, Ella's affianced lover.

"But why do you wear a sprig of mistletoe in your buttonhole, Mr. Burnard?" says Ada Bray.

"Because it is not customary for a man to stick such ornaments in his hair, or pin them in the centre of his shirt-front," said Jack, with a pointed glance at the red holly berries with which the speaker's hair and breast were adorned.

"Because the vain fellow imagines some girl may be infatuated enough to accept the invitation that sprig of mistletoe implies," cried Kate Lane, Ella's youngest sister.

"Nay—rather because I may wear it with impunity.

"Whereas no fair damsel dares carry such a challenge at this season."

"Dare she not?"—and Ada Bray darted from her seat, seized the mistletoe, and fled behind the doctor's easy-chair, amid a shout of laughter from the others.

"Pray give it me," pleaded Jack; "that sprig has a mission."

"Behold its accomplishment!" and Ada feigned to thrust it amongst the holly in her hair.

"Give it me," said Jack, "or pay the penalty of your theft," and his head came dangerously near the red lips in such inviting proximity to his own.

It seemed to Ella that his face actually touched hers.

And with a despairing gesture she turned from the sight, and laid her forehead on the cold glass again.

"Not I," quoth Ada, trying to hold the mistletoe beyond Jack's reach.

There was a momentary struggle for its possession, then Ada darted out of the room with half of it, leaving one tiny spray in his hand.

"It must be nearly midnight," said Dr. Lane, consulting a large chronometer. "Oh! within five minutes!" And a little hush fell on the party.

"Where is Ella?" said one.

"I will find her," replied Jack, passing noiselessly through the folding-doors, and closing them gently behind him.

He had to pause a moment for his eyes to grow accustomed to the semi-darkness, ere he could discern the slight figure in its attitude of dejection.

"He gave me a friend, and a true, true love:
The new year will take them away."

"I pray not, darling," murmured a deep voice at her side, and strong, warm fingers closed about her little cold hands, and drew her towards the speaker. She submitted passively.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Let the old year die in peace, Jack."

Something in the words, or the tone, or some reproachful whisperings of conscience checked the first impulse, to take her into his arms after the old lover-like fashion; but he retained her hands, and they stood facing each other.

His eyes were becoming used to the half-light now.

He could dimly make out the features of that sweet young face, and the dark rims beneath the eyes.

"Such a pure, and face!—such a pure, sweet soul!" thought Jack, and his own was filled with compunction, for he had seen the sadness grow and grow for a month or so, and he knew the cause.

A pause, and just a flutter of the cold imprisoned fingers, which he resisted.

Jack's thoughts went wandering through the past twelve months.

A year ago that very day he had first begun to hope she cared a little for him, or she would not have blushed so when he offered her a sprig of mistletoe.

He had intended to contrive half an hour's quiet converse to-night, and to recall the circumstance to her, instead of which he had been flirting with Ada Bray.

"Confound Ada Bray!" thought Jack, angrily.

Then his mind reverted to a tender summer evening, when he told his love, in that arbor at the bottom of the garden, and to the happy time which followed, until Ada Bray's arrival, as the doctor's guest, a month or more ago.

"Confound Ada Bray!" thought Jack again, bitterly.

And yet he ought not to be hard upon her.

Surely the girl had been mad enough to fall in love with him on her first arrival, or she would not have made such advances—have labored so diligently to establish a pronounced flirtation.

Stay! did real love betray itself in such a manner?

Ella's, for instance.

A new light broke in upon his meditations.

What if she had set herself, from mere vanity, to make mischief between himself and his love?

And he like a silly fellow, had fallen into the trap.

Had neglected his betrothed wife.

Had been lured into positively affectionate demeanor towards this enchantress with the black eyes and dazzling teeth.

A proneness to flirtation was his besetting sin, he knew.

How would he like Ella to demean herself towards any fellow as he had towards Ada Bray?

"Confound——" said Jack, aloud.

"Hush!" whispered Ella again.

The chiming of a clock in the distance, and the first stroke of the hour.

Then chimes quite near them began to play, and from somewhere, far away in the darkness, bells rang out merrily.

"A happy new year to you, darling!" said Jack.

"And to you. As happy as the old year was to me, until a month ago, Mr. Burnard."

"Mr. Burnard!" repeated Jack, reproachfully.

"For the future—yes," said Ella, quietly disengaging her hands, and holding something towards him.

Jack took it mechanically.

"Your engagement ring?" he gasped.

"Yes; it is better so. Look at me, if you can see by this uncertain light.

"Another month like the last would almost kill me, I think."

Jack did look, with loving, remorseful pity.

And if there had been any hidden germ of tender feeling towards Ada Bray in his heart, it died that moment at sight of the now wretched face.

"Love—love—forgive me!" he cried.

Ella smiled a wan, ghost of a smile.

"I think neither has anything to forgive," she said.

"We were mistaken, both of us, that is all.

"You thought my love might content you, might fill your life, and it could not. I thought I might rest on yours, calmly, happily, through all years to come, but I was mistaken in my estimate of your character.

"It may not be your fault, but you have fallen in my sight, Mr. Burnard."

"What have I done?" asked Jack, hotly. That last sentence nettled him.

"We need not discuss the subject, need we?

"It is sufficient that I wish to be released from my engagement, and you will please to regard my decision as irrevocable."

"In plain English, you mean to jilt me," growled hot-tempered Jack.

Ella drew herself up with a gesture of quiet dignity.

"Mr. Burnard, I said just now you had fallen in my sight.

"I have still so much respect for you I shall grieve to have it diminished by anything you might say.

"To me this is a very painful interview, will you terminate it?"

Poor Jack! he was not fluent of speech, and Dr. Lane's voice was heard calling him at this instant.

"May I see you again to-morrow—to-day, I mean?" he pleaded.

"Never again in private, I trust. Perhaps Miss Bray will represent me, wearing your mistletoe."

"Your mistletoe," corrected Jack, vehemently.

"I brought it for you Ella, in remembrance of a similar gift a year ago."

"But forgot to give it me until now," said she, bitterly, holding out her hand.

"Say good-night, and leave me, Mr. Burnard."

Jack dropped the sprig of mistletoe into the tiny palm just as Dr. Lane flung open the folding-doors.

"It may yet be a token of forgiveness," he whispered, "if you will return it me as such."

That day and the next, and the next, Jack called on Miss Lane, only to receive the formula not at home.

He wrote her passionately-imploring letters, only to have them returned unopened.

She had communicated her wishes on this point to the family, and Miss Bray took occasion to repeat them to James the footman, with the present of half a sovereign, hinting that in Miss Lane's delicate health it might be better he should put all Mr. Burnard's notes into covers, and re-address them, to spare his young lady the trouble and excitement of doing so.

For Ella had a week's illness, during which Miss Bray accepted an invitation to stay with another family in the town, at whose house she knew Jack visited frequently.

Honest James said nothing about his ill-advised zeal, or the present of Miss Bray's half-sovereign.

Ella, believing her lover quite worthless, went about her avocations as usual, and tried to call back the roses to her pale cheeks.

Report said that Mr. Burnard and Miss Bray were engaged, and was rather hard on the gentleman for transferring his affections with such facility.

Meanwhile Jack thought the punishment disproportioned to his fault, and accused his lost love of being cold, hard, and merciless.

And day after day he found his way to Ada's side, for the sake of pleasant companionship, and the sweet, unspoken sympathy he imagined she gave him.

And Ada herself, who had commenced an idle flirtation with another girl's lover from sheer mischief, grew day by day to care for him, and to have stronger hope of catching his heart at the rebound.

Her father was very rich, and men liked money.

Her dashing style of beauty commanded admiration, and men liked their wives to be admired.

He liked her she was sure.

In time he should love her, if she could only bring about some definite tie between them.

So January wore away, and February commenced, and still their intimacy, close as it was, did not become lover-like in its character.

It occurred to her that perhaps Jack needed more direct encouragement.

In any case, something must be done to bring matters to a climax, for her protracted visit must soon terminate.

A happy thought struck her.

Valentine's Day was fast approaching.

Ordinary valentines were vulgar, common-place.

But could she not send him that spray of mistletoe?

* * * * *

There was a furious peal at Dr. Lane's door-bell.

So urgent a summons that Bridget rushed up from the kitchen to answer it whilst honest James was struggling to get into his long coat.

"Where is Miss Ella, Bridget?"

"Not at home, sir," said the girl, looking at him sympathetically.

"Stuff! Tell me, there's a good soul!"

"Alone in the conservatory, Mr. Burnard, watering her—well, I never!"

And Bridget gave an indignant sniff as Jack pushed unceremoniously past her.

* * * * *

"Thank Heaven you have relented, darling, and forgiven me.

"If you had known what misery I have endured——"

The astonishment in Ella's face, as she turned and found Jack hastening towards her, cut short his sentence.

He saw her turn white to the very lips, saw her drop the little watering can, and catch at a stand for support.

Then he took the little figure, more fragile than ever, into his strong arms, and placed her tenderly on the sofa, in the dining-room. Ella had fainted.

A water-bottle stood near, and there was a vinaigrette on a side-table, containing smelling-salts and eau-de-Cologne.

Jack concluded he would take his own measures to revive her, without calling for assistance.

Accordingly, when Ella opened her eyes, they rested on her lover, kneeling by her side, and putting a glass of water to the pale lips.

"Don't say a word," commanded Jack, authoritatively.

"Drink a little, then I will bathe your forehead with eau-de-Cologne."

So Ella, feeling very faint and helpless, did as she was bidden.

Then Jack, with a man's clumsiness, put too much scent on her forehead.

She had to shut her eyes to prevent it from trickling into them; and the next thing of which she was conscious was the settling down of a great hairy moustache upon her face, her mouth being too effectually stopped to admit of remonstrance.

"Since you have forgiven me, love, will you not give me one kiss in proof of it?"

And Ella, feeling altogether too weary to dispute that point respecting her forgiveness with him, gave him that proof, and another in confirmation of it, to the utter astonishment of Mrs. Lane and Ada Bray, who chanced to enter at this instant.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. Lane, forgetting to be frigid in her surprise; "what brought you here, Jack?"

"A Valentine!" said that gentleman.

Bric-a-Brac.

A SHARP REBUKE.—At a large dinner-party, at which Sidney Smith was present, the death of Mr. Dugald Stewart was announced. The news was received with so much levity by a lady of rank, who sat next to the wit, that he turned round and said, "Madam, when we are told of the death of so great a man as Mr. Dugald Stewart, it is usual, in civilized society, to look grave for at least the space of five seconds."

THE RECLINING-CHAIR.—The invention of the reclining-chair is ascribed to a curious piece of etiquette observed during the French monarchy, a second bed being placed in the room in which the king visited an invalid, on which he assumed a recumbent posture during the entire visit. This etiquette was rigidly adhered to when Louis XIII. visited Cardinal Richelieu. By degrees the second bed was modified into a reclining-chair.

CORK.—The cork tree is a species of oak growing abundantly in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. As there are undoubtedly many parts of our country where it could be raised, it is a wonder that a tree whose product is so extensively used, has never been acclimated. The barking is commenced when the tree is fifteen years old, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterward with no injury to the oak, which, in spite of this periodical flaying, lives to the age of a hundred and fifty years. In July and August, incisions are made around the tree and down to the root; the pieces which detach easily are soaked in water, placed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stacked in bales for exportation. The corkcutters cut the sheets into narrow strips and round them into shape with a thin, sharp knife.

LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.—It is said that very quiet eyes that impress and embarrass one with their repose signify self-command, but also much complacency and some conceit. Restless eyes that cannot look one steadily in the face denote a deceitful, designing mind. Eyes in which the white has a yellowish tinge and is streaked with reddish veins, prove much of strong passion and hasty tempers. Very blue eyes bespeak a mind inclined to coquetry; grey eyes signify dignity, intelligence, and excellent reasoning faculties; greenish eyes, falsehood and a fondness for scandal. A malicious mind is often indicated by greenish eyes. Black eyes show a passionate, lively temperament, and oftimes a most deceitful disposition; brown eyes are generally tender and true, indicating a kind and happy disposition.

ABOUT MUSK.—Musk, a strong odor procured from the musk-deer, is very largely used in the manufacture of bouquets. It is one of the most powerful perfumes known, and articles on which it is used retain their odor for years. One of the most striking examples of this is illustrated in the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, the mortar used in the building of which was impregnated with this substance; and although centuries have elapsed since the building was erected the scent of the musk is yet plainly discernible. The best musk comes from Tonquin and Thibet, but the deer is found throughout the whole length of the Himalayan chain. The scent is found beneath the skin, and near the navel of the animal, which is not bigger than a greyhound, and is often caught in snares, though it is generally hunted as we do hares.

LEAD PENCILS.—With the improved machinery now used ten hands will make about four thousand lead pencils of the cheaper grade a day. The cedar comes chiefly from Florida, and it is received in slabs of pencil length, one for the lead to go in and the other to cover it, as may be seen by examining the end of any lead pencil. Four little grooves are sawed in the thicker slabs, for the leads which are kept in hot glue and taken one by one and inserted in the grooves. Then the thin slab is glued to this leaded slab, and thus united they are run through a moulding machine, four pencils coming from each slab. After the ends are rasped they are run between grooved wheels at considerable pressure for the only finish they get. This burnishes them, and they are tied in dozens and boxed for sale, mainly in plain wood, and of three degrees of hardness. The manufacturer makes about one hundred per cent. selling the pencils at 85 cents a gross, and the retailer makes a good thing selling them at a cent apiece. The graphite costs about 25 cents a pound, and the clay little more than the freight.

PALIMPSESTS.—Macaulay's learned schoolboy would tell us in a twinkling that a palimpsest is a parchment from which the inscription has been washed or rubbed away to make room for other writing. To put new wine into old bottles, although it could not have the effect of bursting them and spilling the contents, was so far a mistake that the old wine was generally the better vintage of the two. Much of the monkish literature, which was usually the upper stratum of the palimpsest, could well have been spared by the world, while the work it supplanted was of inestimable value. Fortunately for posterity, the hand of the destroyer often grew weary in ill doing before the effacement was complete, and to this we owe the preservation of some of the noblest of the ancient classics. Cicero's "De Republica" is a case in point, although the writing which covered it was also of no common excellence, being no less famous a manuscript than St. Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms. It is hardly necessary to add that the Commentary was recopied before the original inscription was restored.

NO JEWELED BEAUTY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

No jeweled beauty is my love,
  Yet in her carnival face
There's such a world of tenderness,
  She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
  In light and music twine,
And dear, oh, very dear to me,
  Is this sweet love of mine!

Oh, joy! to know there's one fond heart
  Beats ever true to me;
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
  In sweetest melody;
My soul upsprings, a Deity!
  To hear her voice divine,
And dear, oh, very dear to me,
  Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sighed for wealth,
  'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
  I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
  And souls of sunnier shine
But none, oh, none so dear to me
  As this sweet love of mine.

AT QUEEN'S CHACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).

"NEVER mind that, Sir Jasper," said Lord Wynleigh.

"I know it, and am going to remedy it. Do not imagine that I am saying to you: Give me your daughter now at once—my hands are empty, but she will fill them.

"It is not that. I say: Give me the hope of one day calling Katherine my wife, and I will set to work at once.

"I will make such a name that I shall not be ashamed to ask her to share it. Will you say 'Yes,' Sir Jasper?"

"You speak bravely. You are sure my daughter loves you?"

"Kate says so," the young man replied, "and she never speaks falsely."

"Then I give my consent," said Sir Jasper.

"But Katherine is too young to marry yet.

"She must wait a year or two. The child is but just seventeen.

"Come back in two years' time to claim her, if in the meantime you have made a position for yourself.

"I do not care that you should make money, but I do care for the other."

"I will do it, Sir Jasper," he replied, "and you will help me.

"I shall study under you—help me with your influence.

"There is a borough vacant now. Help me to place my foot on the first rung of the ladder, and I will never cease until I reach the top."

Long after Lord Wynleigh had left him Sir Jasper sat silent and motionless, listening to the sound of the joy-bells—listening to the music and laughter which filled the old Chace.

What was he to do?

When the sanguine young lover left him, dark and bitter thoughts came to him.

He was an Englishman with a hatred of all fraud and deceit.

What could he do?

He could never allow Lord Wynleigh to marry Kate under the impression that she was heiress to the grand domain of Queen's Chace and Hurstwood.

She was not so in reality.

All his broad lands belonged by right to his elder child, the beautiful dark-eyed Veronica.

Before Lord Wynleigh married Katherine he must know the truth.

Sir Jasper rose from his seat.

"I am a brave man and a strong man," he said; "but I would rather face death than tell my story now."

It seemed so far away to the middle-aged statesman the story of his youth—the mad love that had altered his whole life.

It would be profanation to him to hear Giulia's name mentioned now.

He could imagine the sneers, the comments that would follow.

The Opposition journals would be sure to get hold of it, and hold up to public ridicule the one treasured poem of his heart.

He could not bear it.

Come what might, he would, he must keep his secret yet a little longer.

And in the meantime he would have his will prepared—a will in which the truth should be told, and Queen's Chace, with all the broad lands round Hurstwood, given to his daughter Veronica.

At the same time he would put all the papers that went to prove her identity into one packet, and give them to her.

Why, because her mother was dead, should he rob her of her birthright?

What could he do to atone to her long cheerless youth, her cold, joyless life?

He could not defraud Giulia's child.

If he could have divided the inheritance, all would have been well, but that was impossible.

In the Brandon family, where there was no male heir, the eldest daughter succeeded to the Barony to the title and estates; and there had been several Baronesses.

Therefore the inheritance must go to his eldest daughter.

That was Veronica.

What would those proud Valdoraine—the proudest people in England—say to him when they heard that Katherine was his heiress after all?

Katherine Brandon's name was known all over England.

Sir Jasper was at a loss.

His sense of justice and his love of right, his love and his pride, his honesty and his sensitive reserve were all at war.

There was but one gleam of comfort.

The marriage between Lord Wynleigh and Katherine would not take place yet.

Some unforeseen combination of circumstances might take place before then.

"It is not quite the kind of marriage that I expected for Katherine," said Lady Brandon when her husband sent for her to tell her.

"Still I shall make no opposition—there is a chance, as you know."

"What chance?" asked Sir Jasper.

"They tell me that the young Marquis is not only very unsteady, but that he is certainly in declining health," said Lady Brandon.

"If it should be so, then Alton will be Earl of Woodwyn.

"That would be a high position—I should be quite satisfied."

"My dear wife," remarked Sir Jasper, "no good comes of hoping for dead men's shoes."

"I am not hoping for them," said Lady Brandon.

"I am merely saying that it would be an excellent thing for Katherine."

* * * * * *

"Veronica," said Katherine, "come to my room when you go to dress for dinner. I want to tell you something."

And when Veronica went in she started at the beautiful vision.

Katherine stood before her in a low dinner dress of white silk, trimmed with glowing crimson holly-berries, her white shoulders and arms gleaming like pearl, a diamond cross on her white breast and diamond stars in her golden hair.

She looked like a dream of beauty.

Veronica kissed the pretty shoulders and the white arms.

"How beautiful you are, my darling!" she said. "You look like the spirit of Christmas.

"Now I see how beautiful English women can be."

"I am always beautiful in your eyes, Veronica," she replied.

They were standing side by side, Katherine all bright and radiant, Veronica, in her pale, passionate beauty, in a long trailing black dress.

The contrast between them was startling.

"I have something to tell you, Veronica," she said.

"Never mind admiring my dress, never mind my diamonds—look at my face."

"I am looking at it, my darling," returned Veronica.

"Does it tell you anything?" asked Katherine, with the low, sweet laughter of perfect content.

"Only that it is the dearest face in the world," replied Veronica, kissing the laughing lips.

"Veronica," said Katherine, "whom at this moment should you consider the very happiest girl in all the world?"

"The very happiest of all? Oh, how could I tell?"

"I will tell you. It is myself, Katherine Brandon.

"And can you guess why I am so happy? It is because—oh, Veronica, how shall I tell you—it is because some one whom I love very much loves me—me, you understand, Veronica — not my fortune, not Queen's Chace, but me—loves me—and has asked me to be his wife."

"His wife," repeated Veronica, softly. Katherine, the laughter loving beauty, was suddenly invested with an importance in her eyes which was marvelous. "How wonderful—how strange!"

"Nay it is not strange, Veronica. I love him—he loves me. Can you guess who it is?"

Slowly the dark eyes wandered over the bright face.

And then sad Veronica answered—

"It must be Lord Wynleigh."

"Yes," said Katherine, simply, "it is Lord Wynleigh; and I am not one of the happiest, but the happiest girl in all the whole world.

"Nevertheless I tell myself that such great joy as mine cannot last—that a time will come when I must suffer and weep and grieve as other people do.

"Will it be so?"

She looked wistfully at Veronica as she spoke.

"I have read," she said, "of ships safe enough to sail in when the sea is calm, but sure to sink when the storm comes on. I think I should be like one of those ships—I should go down in the very first storm."

"We will hope then that a storm will never come," put in Veronica.

"If it depended on me there never should," she added.

"Still there is one thing that I can safely promise you—one thing that I will do. If ever it lies in my power to save you from sorrow, I shall do it.

"If ever it lies in my power to give you happiness, I will give it to you."

And the time came when the memory of these words weighed down the balance in which she held both lives.

CHAPTER V.

AS Veronica descended the broad staircase she looked in astonishment at the brilliant scene that met her gaze on every side.

The shining lights, the wealth of evergreens, holly with lovely laughing crimson berries, the graceful laurel with its shining leaves, the dark, stately fir and the sweet mystical mistletoe—it was all like a dream to her.

Her heart warmed as she gazed.

It this was an English Christmas, then might Heaven bless Christmas for evermore!

Every one had something very kind to say.

There was a smile on every face, light in kindly eyes, music in the sound of kindly voices.

She thought that while she lived she would never forget the words, "I wish you a happy Christmas."

The speakers, the kindly people so tender and true of heart, were the cold reserved English whom her aunt had told her were accursed!

She looked at the noble faces of the men, faces that told of power and skill, of courage and self-command.

She looked at the fair blonde faces of the laughing girls and the graceful women; and she thought that the English were a great people, greater than the old stately Venetians.

There was not even a tinge of envy in her heart as she noted the lovely younger girls.

She was quite unconscious of her own picturesque beauty, of the poetical loveliness of her face, the grace of her figure clad in its trailing black robes.

Amongst those fair English girls she looked like a gorgeous passion-flower in the midst of white lilies.

She never forgot the Christmas dinner, her first in England—the grand table with its costly silver and delicate glass, the profusion flowers and fruits, the sparkling wines, the laughter, the general air of happiness, while outside the wind wailed among the leafless trees and the stars shone in the Christmas sky.

She saw Katherine with her bright laughing face and her handsome young lover following her like a shadow.

Presently Sir Jasper came up to her.

"Do you like our English way of keeping Christmas, Veronica?" he asked.

She looked at him.

"It is more beautiful than anything I have ever seen," she replied; and then he turned abruptly away, for she had looked at him with dead Giulia's eyes.

"Veronica," said a low deep voice. She turned quickly and saw Lord Wynleigh standing by her side.

"I have come to ask you if you are much pleased.

"Walk with me through the rooms. You have not wished me a happy Christmas yet."

"Then I will do it now," she said; and Lord Wynleigh raised her hands to his lips.

"Katherine has been telling me how dearly she loves you, and how good you are to her."

"I love her better than anything or any in the wide world," she replied.

He looked half sadly at her.

"I have come," he said, "to ask you for a little share of that great affection which you give to my peerless Kate.

"I will deserve it. I will give you the true, honest, frank, kindly affection of a brother to a sister. Will you accept it?"

She looked up at him.

"I am bewildered," she said. "What have I done that Heaven should give me so much—what have I done?

Only a few months since no one loved me now——"

"You accept it, then?" interrupted Lord Wynleigh.

"If you want a friend, you will come to me; if ever you want help of any kind, you will remember that on Christmas day you promised a stalwart brother to let him stand between you and the world."

"I shall never forget," she said.

And Lord Wynleigh left her standing by the door of the conservatory while he went in search of Katherine.

Veronica was unutterably happy.

Into her gray dull life such threads of gold were woven that she dazzled by them.

She had hungered and thirsted for love.

Now it was lavished upon her.

She stood on the same spot still, unconscious of her picturesque loveliness, watching Katherine and her lover, and as she watched them strange sweet possibilities of life came floating to her.

She had thought of herself so long and so often as one apart from others, as one for whom life held no pleasures, no hopes; now was the dawn of a golden morning, now the sweet vague delicious fancies that thrill the heart of a young girl thrilled her.

It might be that in the golden far off future such love as Alton's for Katherine would fall to her lot.

Perhaps her life too would be crowned by that most pure and perfect gift—a noble love.

If heaven had such happiness in store for her——

"I am afraid," said a deep musical voice near her, "that you will take cold—there is quite a rush of cold air here."

Veronica looked up suddenly.

A tall stately figure stood between her and the light, dark gray eyes were looking into her own.

She saw a handsome, noble face, a proud princely head covered with clusters of fair hair.

It was a face that from that moment stood out clear and distinct from all other faces.

The gentleman smiled at the half bewildered expression of the dark eyes.

"I must introduce myself again," he said.

"Sir Jasper introduced me to you just before dinner, but I was one of so many, I cannot hope to have been noticed. You do not remember me?"

"No," she replied. "Sir Jasper introduced so many people to me at once, and English names are hard to remember. I should be glad if you would tell me yours," she added with some little hesitation.

"You will say that it is a strange one perhaps," he said. "I am Sir Marc Caryll."

"Sir Marc Caryll," she repeated. "I shall remember that in connection with the patron saint of Venice—St. Mark."

She could not tell why, but the name seemed to sink into the depths of her heart like the echo of a song.

Then she looked at him, and decided that although she had seen some noble men, he was by far the handsomest and noblest.

There was an air of command, of power, of authority about him which pleased her.

He looked like a man whose will was strong and redoubtless, whose purpose was fixed, whose judgment was clear and decided.

Self-reliance, courage, bravery—all those qualities were written on the fair handsome face, that had in it at times a woman's sweetness and the simplicity of a child.

A swift sudden thought came to her that a life would be safe in those strong hands of his—honor, fair fame, everything might be intrusted to him, and the trust would be kept.

Sir Marc smiled at her.

"I can read your thoughts," he said; "you have been estimating my character. I will not ask you what you think of it; I will only say I hope your conclusions are favorable.

"Miss di Cyntha, try one dance with me.

"Christmas day is past; and example has been set us."

Veronica remembered that Christmas night—it was the beginning of a new life to her.

The vague sweet possibilities that had thrilled her as she watched Katherine took shape now—vague, beautiful shape.

Something awoke in her heart which had never been there before—something so tender, sweet, that the girl's whole soul was moved by it.

Life was never to be the same again for her.

She had inherited some of the quick love and quick hatred that characterized the Brandons.

She had in her more of her father's nature than her mother's.

"Your face is a poem," said Sir Marc later on that same Christmas night—"a poem that I should never tire of reading."

She danced with him, she talked to more.

More than one amused glance followed them—she with her dark Venetian beauty, he with his Saxon comeliness.

They seem to have forgotten the world. Once Sir Marc took her to the great western window in the broad corridor, and drawing aside the hangings, he said to her—

"Look, Miss di Cyntha—I want you to see the poetry of an English Christmas."

Veronica cried out in wonder and awe.

The sky was of deep, dark, fathomless blue.

The moon was full, and shone with a clear silvery light.

The earthly lay white, still and beautiful under the pale, clear beams.

The hard frost made the tall, leafless trees look darker, and the hoar-frost shone in the light of the moon.

The wind wailed among the trees, bending their tall heads and swaying the huge branches.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "There is nothing in all Venice so fair as this. I thought there was no poetry in England; but it is full of it. This looks like fairy-land."

"You will try to love England," he said kindly.

"I do love it without trying," she replied.

"I could almost fancy there was some mysterious reason why my heart should have warmed so greatly to it; it seems more my home than Venice ever did."

He was looking intently at her with his dark gray eyes.

"You will not wish to return to Venice, then?

"You would be content to remain in England all your life?"

She raised her beautiful face.

The dark eyes looked at the blue wintry night sky, at the fair white earth, at the quaint shadows the moon made through the trees.

Then she turned to Sir Marc.

"Venice would seem a prison to me after this," she said; and as she said it she wondered why he looked so bright and pleased.

"I should like you to see my home," he remarked.

"It is, I think, even more beautiful than Queen's Chace.

"It is called Wervehurst Manor, and it stands in the loveliest part of Sussex. We have music there—nature's grandest. The sea lies at no great distance.

"Far away to the right stretches a chain of hills, on which the light of the sun lies low. I have a passionate love for my home."

She was silent.

He went on.

"And I live there, Miss di Cyntha, all alone.

"Can you imagine that? I have no mother, no sister.

"There is a large household of servants but I am quite solitary. I want what the poets call an angel in the house."

"What is that?" asked Veronica.

"That is English for a wife," he replied; and the beautiful face drooped before his.

Her heart beat.

A strange pain, that was yet half pleasure, seemed to thrill her innocent soul.

"I must leave you," she said hurriedly. "I am quite sure that Katherine wants me."

"Where you go I follow," declared Sir Marc; and for that evening at least he kept his word.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW life—a glorious new life, bright, hopeful, pleasant, full of poetry, full of wonder and romance!

The time came when Veronica began to wonder what it was that had fallen over her life.

What was the dazzling light that had fallen at her feet?

Why was it that from morning to night and from night to morning she had but one thought—and that was about Marc Caryll?

Christmas had passed now, and the beautiful springtide had set in.

The air was balmy with the sweet breath of flowers, yet Sir Jasper had not recovered much of his strength.

The doctors would not allow him to return to his duties.

He must rest if he would live.

In vain the active, energetic statesman rebelled.

He refused for a time to submit, until he saw the absolute necessity for it.

Then he found Lord Wynleigh of great use to him.

He had been returned as member for Hurstwood, and had made his maiden speech—to everybody's great surprise it was simply a masterpiece of eloquence.

Sir Jasper gave up some of his duties to the young politician, about whom people prophesied great things.

The Baronet was very pleased.

It had always been a source of sorrow to him that he had no son to succeed to his honors.

He loved the brave young nobleman in whom all Katherine's happiness seemed to be centered.

When despondent thoughts came to him, he said to himself that he should have a successor.

He insisted upon Lady Brandon's taking Veronica and Katherine to London for part of the season at least, and nothing pleased him better than to read her ladyship's letter, in which she told of Veronica's successes and triumphs.

"The girl can marry whom she will," wrote Lady Brandon; "her magnificent beauty has brought all London to her feet. She does not seem to care about any one in particular."

Veronica had suddenly become very famous.

Her rare style of face and figure, her wonderful grace and musical voice, had made her the observed of all.

She received more invitations than she could possibly accept.

Every one admired and liked her.

But, when Lady Brandon had been in town a few weeks she decided upon returning.

Sir Jasper was no better, and the doctor attending him did not think it advisable that he should delay consulting some eminent physician.

So they went home again, and, as he looked at his two daughters, the master of Queen's Chace was struck afresh.

Katherine's animated loveliness and Veronica's pale beauty seemed to have acquired fresh luster.

Those few weeks in town had wonderfully improved Veronica—they had given a finish and elegance to her such as can be acquired only by mixing with the most refined.

She had enjoyed her visit, but not much because Sir Marc was away.

The season had but little attraction for him.

He was not a man of fashion.

A cruise to Norway had more charms for him than a season in London.

He had written to say that he hoped to pass through Hurstwood in July or August and would very much like to spend a few days there, to which Sir Jasper had replied by sending him a most cordial invitation, guessing shrewdly what was the attraction; so that Veronica had that to look forward to and the knowledge of it made her profoundly indifferent to all the homage offered her.

The old bitter struggle was still going on in Sir Jasper's mind.

What should he do?

His heart was torn with a thousand doubts a thousand fears.

There was hardly an hour of the twenty-four during which he did not again and again review all his reasons and doubts. Do as he would, one or the other must surely suffer.

Should it be Katherine, the bright, fair child, the descendant of the proud Valdornines; or Veronica, who looked up at him with dead Giulia's eyes?

Which of the two should it be?

He would have given his life to save either.

One thing he had done.

He had sent for a strange lawyer, and had made another will, in which he told the secret of Veronica's birth, and left to her the grand inheritance of Queen's Chace and Hurstwood.

That will he kept by him.

Remembering it, he was more at ease whatever he thought of her.

He grew worse.

The doctors did not apprehend any immediate danger.

He was only suffering from overtaxed strength, from ills that might be remedied.

He did not even keep his room.

Sir Jasper himself was more alarmed than the people about him.

Strange sensations came to him.

There were times when he fancied, as he walked through the shady garden paths, that strange voices called him.

He saw strange figures in his troubled sleep, strange faces smiled at him from the picture frames.

One day—how Veronica remembered it afterwards!—he had walked in the grounds, and when the sun grew warm he went into the drawing-room to rest on a couch.

Veronica was there.

He asked her to read to him.

She did so until he fell asleep.

Then she sat and watched him, thinking how very ill he looked, how white and sunken his face was.

Suddenly she saw his pale lips quiver.

He opened his arms as though to clasp them round someone he loved, crying in a passionate voice—

"Giulia, Giulia, my heart's love!"

She touched him gently, and his eyes opened and looked wildly at her.

"Giulia," he cried again, "where am I? It is you and yet another."

"Sir Jasper," said Veronica, "you are dreaming—you are ill."

He looked in bewilderment at her.

"Giulia's eyes," he said, "but another face. What does it mean?"

"You have been dreaming," remarked the girl, quietly. "Can I get anything for you? Shall I bring Lady Brandon to you?"

He gave a smothered moan.

"I—you are right, Veronica—I was dreaming. No, do not call anyone; I want nothing. These June days are so warm."

It was June then, when the days were at their longest, and the bright sweet hours were all filled with beauty—June, when Queen's Chace was a picture of loveliness, with its lilies and roses, its rich green foliage and wealth of flowers.

Veronica was troubled as she looked at Sir Jasper, for she had grown to love him very much.

She remembered afterward how he awoke from a fevered sleep and would have Katherine by Veronica's side.

She remembered every detail of that his last day on earth.

He would not go into the dining-room, and it was Veronica, by her own special request, who took him some little dainties and coaxed him to eat them.

She knelt by his side, holding in her fingers a ripe sunny peach.

"This is just like Katherine's cheek," she said, laughingly.

And she looked so like her mother at that moment that he could have cried aloud in his longing love and pain.

"You have learned to love Katherine, Veronica?" he said, gently.

"Better than I love my life," she said, blushing to find that she no longer said, "Better than I love anyone else in all the world."

He looked up at her suddenly.

"Have you learnt to love me, Veronica?" he asked.

"Yes, just as dearly," she replied, very quietly.

Then they were silent—he mute with emotion, she wondering that he should speak to her in this strain—he who had always been so distant and so reserved.

Then he was restless all the day.

When evening came he asked Katherine to sing all her old songs to him—the songs that he loved best.

Veronica fancied that she saw his eyes fill with tears.

Then, when it was growing later, he called Katherine to him.

She knelt down by his side, and then he drew her golden head down on to his breast.

"My child, my darling," he said, "have I been kind to you?"

"Always, papa," she replied.

"Have you had a happy life—Katie, tell me—a happy life?"

"Yes," she answered. "Papa, you know that I have never had one moment's care or trouble, one moment's sadness, ever since I was a child."

"Thank Heaven for that!" he said, gently. "If I should die, Katie—die and leave you—would anyone ever make you think me unkind—ever make you love me less?"

"No, never, papa," she said, laughing at the notion—"never."

"Kiss me. Tell me you love me," he said. "Will you remember in the after years that I would have given my life at any time to save you from pain?"

"Yes," replied Katherine, and obeying his wish, she clasped her tender arms round his neck.

"I love you very dearly, papa," she said. "more than I can tell you, and I am longing for the day to come when you will be strong and well again."

Later still, when Katherine was going to her room, he called her to him, and, taking the bright young face between his hands, he kissed it.

"Good night, my darling," he said; "and may Heaven ever bless you."

She wondered at the solemnity of the words, little dreaming that she had heard his voice for the last time.

"You are not quite so well to-night, Jasper," said Lady Brandon.

"No," he replied. "There is a strange fluttering at my heart—I feel faint—it will pass away. The day has been so very warm."

"I wish," said Lady Brandon, "that you would consult Sir William Fletcher; they say that he is the cleverest physician in England."

"I will see about it," replied Sir Jasper.

It was a lovely June night, one of those nights that never seem to grow dark.

The air was rich and heavy with the odor of sleeping flowers.

The dew lay on the white lilies, on the roses, on the purple passion flowers, and the wind stirred ever so faintly the fresh green leaves.

It was one of those nights when it seemed impossible to turn from the sweet face of nature.

Veronica had stood for more than an hour at the open window of her room, when one of the servants came to say that she was wanted in Sir Jasper's room.

"Is Sir Jasper worse?" asked Veronica, in alarm.

"The valet said he seemed very ill, miss," replied the girl; "but there was nothing said about his being worse."

Without loss of time Veronica left her room.

She had not undressed.

She still wore her evening dress of rich black lace with crimson flowers.

She had taken the diamond stars from her hair, and the black shining waves fell in rich profusion over her shoulders.

On her neck gleamed a cross of rubies and diamonds.

She walked through the long corridors, where the moonlight lay in great silver floods, making everything darker by contrast.

Sir Jasper could not be worse, she thought.

The servants were most of them in bed, and there was no confusion.

She went to the door of his room—a room she had never entered.

It was ajar, and Lady Brandon stood near it.

She looked very pale and anxious.

She had on a white dressing-gown, and was toying nervously with the blue ribbons.

"I do not understand it, Veronica," she whispered, "Sir Jasper has sent for you and for me—he wants us particularly. No one else is to come near. He looks so strange I am half frightened. Come in."

Veronica entered the great statesman's chamber.

It was a large and magnificently furnished apartment.

She saw wonders of rosewood and buhl, Sevres china, statuettes, and pictures and books.

On the bed with its silken hangings she saw Sir Jasper—Sir Jasper with a gray look on his face and dark shadows round his eyes.

She went up to him, and his eyes, looking into hers, told her that some strange, unrevealed secret was between them.

"Close the door," he said—"fasten it securely; no one must interrupt me. Marie, my wife, come here. It is you who will have to forgive me. I have sinned against you; but my sin always appeared to me in a better light than that in which I see it now. It is a gilded sin—a sin so shrouded with sentiment, reserve, poetry, sensitiveness, that I hardly know where the wrong begins or ends—a gilded sin, my poor Marie, and the punishment will fall on an innocent head. Veronica, come nearer to me. I have sent for you—I have a story to tell. Kneel here where I may see your face. Keep those eyes—dead Giulia's eyes—fixed on me to the last, that my strength and my courage may not fail me. Marie, whom I have wronged, give me your hand—I have a story to tell you."

The night-lamp was partially shaded; its feeble rays fell on the gray face, on the dark wistful eyes, on the thin white hands—fell on the two kneeling figures, on Veronica's beautiful face and Lady Brandon's troubled features.

The wind, when it stirred, sent a great spray of clematis beating against the window glass.

Outside the beautiful, solemn summer night lay brooding over the fair sleeping earth.

Sir Jasper told his story, clearly, plainly, distinctly, describing his motives, blaming his own fastidious, sensitive reserve, blaming his own shrinking from pain, blaming his own weakness and folly, which had led him so far wrong—led him into what he truly called "a gilded sin."

Lady Marie listened with silent, bitter tears.

"So you were married before, Jasper, and never told me," she sobbed; "and I always thought I was the only one you loved. How could you deceive me?"

"I am sorry, Marie, for the past. I can hardly expect you to understand—I can hardly understand it myself; it is so difficult looking back. I loved her so well, and I lost her so soon. I could never speak of her, my dear dead Giulia. I could not utter her name—it tore my heart. I could not look men and women in the face while I talked of her, my dead love."

"Then," said Lady Brandon, "you have always loved her best, Jasper, living or dead—always the best."

"You have been a good, true, tender, faithful wife to me, Marie," he returned; "but she was my first love."

Veronica had listened like one in a dream.

This was her history then.

The golden haired sister whom Assunta had never ceased to mourn was her own mother!

She was the daughter of the famous statesman, Sir Jasper Brandon, who was looking with such wistful eyes into her face.

"You are my own child, Veronica," he said, while Lady Brandon wept as one who could not be comforted—"my own daughter—dear Giulia's child! I have longed so often to take you in my arms and tell you so. I did not love you when evil spirits whispered to me that you had cost your mother her life; but I have learned to love you since you have been here, my daughter. Kiss me, Veronica. Say 'Father!' to me just once."

She laid her fair face on his, half frightened at its deathly chill.

"My father—my dear father?" she said.

"You love me, Veronica—you forgive me?"

"I love you, and I have nothing to forgive. See, father, I kiss you again."

Then Sir Jasper took two packets from under his pillow.

"There is another thing yet to be told," he said; "and this, my poor Marie, I know you will feel. I feel it myself; but I cannot—I dare not die until I have done justice to Giulia's child. It is the law of our race—one that I have neither the power nor the right to change—that, failing a male heir, the eldest daughter shall succeed. You, Veronica Brandon, are my eldest daughter—the heiress of Queen's Chace and the domain of Hurstwood."

"That cannot be," cried Lady Brandon—"that is too cruel; it will kill Katherine."

"I hope not," he said, faintly. "It is cruel—heaven knows I feel it to be so, but it must be done."

Lady Brandon had drawn her hand from his feeble clasp.

Her face flushed hotly, and her eyes were full of angry fire.

"My child shall not be robbed," she cried. "I will appeal to all England. It shall not be."

"All England could not prevent it, Marie," he said, sadly. "My eldest daughter must be my heiress; after my death she becomes Baroness Brandon. I am quite powerless in the matter."

"It is wickedly unjust," she cried. "I wonder at you, Sir Jasper—you who all your life have passed for an honorable man. You must not, you shall not do my child this wrong."

"Hush, Marie!" he said, sadly. "Do not reproach me, my dear; I have suffered enough. Listen, Veronica. This is my will; in it you will find repeated the story of my first marriage—in it you will find that I have made you what you are—my heiress. I have made handsome provision for Katherine—handsome provision for you, Marie."

"You have robbed us!" cried Lady Brandon. "What am I to say to my friends when they hear of this?"

The baronet continued—

"This second parcel, Veronica, contains all the papers you will need to prove your identity—the certificate of your mother's birth, marriage and death. There is the certificate of your birth, also, and every other paper which your Aunt Assunta thought necessary to prove your claim. Take them, Veronica. Kiss me, my daughter; my strength fails me. Promise me one thing in your mother's name—will you promise, Veronica?"

With her white lips on his, which were no less white, she whispered—

"I promise."

"Be kind to my wife and Katherine," he said. "Promise me."

"I will," she replied.

Then she raised her head, for a long, quivering sigh from him frightened her.

"Go and fetch Katherine," he said—"Kate—my own Kate."

"Are you worse, Jasper?" cried Lady Brandon.

She had almost forgotten her anger in her fear.

A smile that Veronica never forgot came over his face as he turned to her.

"No, not worse—better," he said. "I see it all now."

The next moment he was dead.

The two horrified spectators stood looking at each other, unable to move themselves.

Lady Brandon cried out—

"He is dead, he is dead, Veronica!"

Then, going up to the bewildered girl, she seized both her hands.

"Veronica," she cried, "hide these papers. Promise me, swear to me that you will not mention one word of this until I have spoken to you again. Swear it, Veronica."

"I promise," said Veronica.

And then Lady Brandon seized the bell-rope and rang a hasty peal.

* * * * *

By the noon of the following day peace and quietness reigned in the house of death.

The passionate weeping and wailing, the first wild outbreak of sorrow were over.

The doctors who had been summoned in such hot haste had given their decision.

It was that Sir Jasper had died of disease of the heart.

There was no need whatever for the formality of an inquiry—no need for an examination.

They had laid the illustrious statesman—the man whose heart had been faithful to one passionate love—in state in his own chamber, with hangings of black velvet and wax tapers, and the fairest June flowers about him whose hands should never more gather leaf or blossom.

Then, with lingering looks at the marble face, so grand in its sculptured beauty, they had left him to the silence which should never more be broken.

Veronica sat in her own room, a pretty

room that opened on to the western terrace—a room where she had all her books, her easel, her piano—where she spent happy hours in studying and reading.

It was half parlor, half boudoir, as pretty as it could be made by taste, by art, and by affection.

It was dark and gloomy now, with all the blinds drawn, and the flowers all dead.

Veronica sat there silent, dazed and bewildered.

She still wore her evening dress of black lace.

She had never changed it.

Her dark hair hung over her shoulders, the beautiful face with its passionate sorrow, its untold story, was pale and worn, her eyes looked brighter and darker.

What had she not suffered sitting there—what emotion, what bitter pain, what untold woe?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Phantom Brig.

BY EDMUND DOWNEY.

IT was late in November, and Milford Haven was crowded with wind-bound and weather-bound ships, principally trading coasters bound for Irish ports.

The weather had been for some weeks unusually severe, and the wind generally from the south-west.

Occasionally a slight shift and a lull in the force of the gales had sent hope into the breasts of the mariners imprisoned in the harbor of Milford, but before any advantage could be taken of the changes, the wind would come out again with renewed vigor from the south-west.

The exasperated masters of the coasters would be compelled to curse their luck and the weather if they were impious; to pray for a change of wind if they were devout.

To get drunk if they were reckless; or to take matters good-humoredly if they were lazy and sensible.

To ships trading between the Irish and the Bristol Channel ports, Milford is a kind of half-way house, executed by the owners of those ships and their cargoes (who declare a chain ought to be placed across the mouth of the Haven, in order to prevent good-for-nothing skippers from paying visits to Milford).

Well-beloved by easy-going old salts, who seldom (to make a bull) pass it without paying it a visit; treated with contempt by fiery, untamed young skippers; and respected, at a distance, if at all possible, by middle-aged master mariners.

In a company of shipmasters, trading to and from the Bristol Channel, the mention of Milford will invariably provoke a discussion.

The young and ardent skipper will boast that he does not know what the inside of it is like, and that he has, if compelled to turn tail at the mouth of the Severn, frequently put back to Penarth Roads or the Mumbles rather than disgrace his ship by giving her a back view of St. Ann's light.

"Yes," will reply the old-fashioned tar, "you tried that Penarth game last winter, and lost every stitch of your canvas, while I got snugly into Angle, up to my bends in mud, and didn't carry away as much as a pocket-handkerchief."

"That's a paying game, ain't it?" And then the row will begin.

Captain Jack Larrissey, of the brigantine Redundant, was eminently lazy.

When his ship was in port, discharging a cargo, the skipper, smoking a clay pipe, would, if the weather were fine and warm, seat himself on the water-cask and encourage the perspiring sailors, who were "heaving on the winch," with "That's it, my bullies.

"Heave a little harder.

"There you go, now."

Evidently he considered he was then doing a hard day's work, and so exhausted would he grow that when he wanted to rekindle his pipe or to slake his thirst he would, without moving from his seat, order the discharging of the cargo to be stopped while one of the men left the winch to light his pipe or draw him a dipper-ful of water from the cask on which he was seated.

Therefore was Larrissey one of those who, in this month of November, laughed and grew fat in Milford.

One morning he found himself ashore, the centre of an admiring group—for Captain Jack was, in his way, a bit of a wag—who were discussing the most recent windbounder, a collier steamboat called the Dundalk, commanded by Captain Thomas Marten.

"Tom Marten will be getting his walking-papers from the owners over this job," grunted Captain John Archer, a stout red-faced man, who was a noted Milford-Haven hater.

"He sailed a remarkably fast-sailing schooner, the Saltee.

"The idea of a fellow putting in here with a propeller at the stern!"

"It's all very fine to talk," said another skipper.

"But the only wonder to me is how the old Dundalk manages to keep afloat at all.

"Her plates are as thin as a sixpence. And how is it that you are here, Captain Archer?"

"You needn't ask. I blew every rag of canvas out of her before I bore up.

"And even the loss of my canvas would not have sent me into Milford, but we sprung a leak, too, outside.

"However, just wait until the sailmaker sends my mainsail aboard to-morrow and I'll show you all the way out—but the idea of putting in here with a steamboat—Bah!"

"I believe the old Dundalk nearly foundered outside.

"She must have gone very near it, I am sure," said another skipper, "or Marten would have turned tail.

"He's in mortal terror, now that his owners will send him adrift.

"I believe he's going to have another try for it to-night on the high water. He's got a queer sort of pluck about him, fidgety as he is."

"He'll be running her bows under one of these days," said the skipper who declared the steamboat's plates weren't as thick as they might have been.

"And will the owners look after his family then, I'd like to know?"

"Hush!" said Captain Archer, "you'll be frightening Captain Larrissey.

"Don't you know his son Mick is sailing with Marten?"

"'Twould take more than talk to frighten me, skipper," remarked Captain Larrissey.

"Marten knows how to nurse his old boat as well as any man alive.

"Here he comes now, if you have anything to say to him," he continued, pointing to a man who was approaching the group with a quick, nervous tread, utterly unlike the manner in which an ordinary coasting skipper carries himself when ashore.

Captain Marten was a nautical Jingle.

His manner of jerking out his sentences reminded you of the explosion of a small gas engine.

He asked questions incessantly, but never seemed to take any heed of the many replies.

He never looked at you straight in the face, but divided his observations between the sky and his boots.

"Hallo!" he cried, as he reached the group—

"Demon was to cast his net now, have a rare haul, eh?

"How are you, my boy?" shaking hands with everyone.

"Surprised to see you here, Archer. Blew your sticks away, eh? Terrible weather, bless me.

"Nearly foundered outside. Long here? Terrible dark nights these. When's new moon, eh?

"Looking well, Larrissey. Son's getting on splendidly. Make a mate of him next trip.

"Going away to-night. High water at half-past eight, eh? Going to telegraph the owners? Get my walking-papers this time, eh?

"Be with you again, boys—five minutes. Any of you have a drink, eh?"

Captain Marten did not wait for a reply to his last query, for he was not by any means a convivial soul.

He had probably asked the question without the slightest intention of meaning it to stand for an invitation to drink.

At all events, the skippers looked upon the matter in this light, and none of them accompanied Martin to the telegraph office.

"I wonder would he give a fellow a tow out of the harbor?" murmured Captain Archer.

"Blest if I wouldn't chance it, even with my old torn mainsail, if I could only get clear of this cursed place!

"There would be no use in my trying to beat the Saltee out without her new mainsail.

"I'll tackle Captain Tom when he comes back."

"If I could only get to the south'ard of the Smalls, I wouldn't mind trying it myself," said another skipper.

Captain Larrissey was here observed to slap his thigh with great violence as if some happy thought had occurred to him.

"What's wrong, Captain Jack?" asked a young skipper.

"Are you thinking of asking for a tow, too?"

Captain Archer laughed a derisive laugh, and cried—

"Catch Jack Larrissey leaving his snug quarters until there's a dead fair wind, and a sky without a cloud in it for four-and-twenty hours."

"Dear me!" drawled Captain Larrissey, a little angrily.

"I have made passages before you were born, and I bet you now, a sum you like to name, I'll get to Waterford harbor before you will have set your new mainsail on the Saltee.

"And I won't go begging for a tow, either," he continued, emphatically.

Captain Archer laughed yet more derisively.

"You're losing all your wits, old man."

"Am I, my bully? Will you take up wager for a fifty dollar note?"

"For a thousand, if you like."

"We'll say ten. A thousand would be too heavy a strain on your wages, my good man."

There was a bitter taunt, it must be observed, conveyed in these words, for Archer was merely an employe, liable to dismissal at any moment, while Larrissey was owner of the Redundant, and therefore his own master.

"A good job for you that you're an old man, I can tell you, Larrissey, you good-for-nothing lazy old fool. For two pins I'd ——"

"That's a fine way to cry off, about the wager."

"Don't think I want to cry off, but 'tisn't likely you meant it.

"I haven't come so low down in the world yet as to try and take your money?"

"Never mind about that. Will you make the bet with me?"

"Of course I will, if you really mean it."

"Done, then, for a fifty dollar note!" and the two mariners, forgetting their ill-humor shook hands over the bet.

"There's something in this more than is on the surface," said one of the young skippers to a neighbor.

"Larrissey wouldn't make the bet if he weren't almost cock-sure of it; but how he is to get home in twenty-four hours I'm sure I don't know.

"His old tub would take the whole of that time to beat out of the harbor, and then she wouldn't do it.

"It wouldn't pay him to get towed home for a fifty dollar bet."

"I'm blessed if I can understand it, either.

"But don't you remember old Larrissey won another wager of the same sort last winter, bound for Cork.

"He's got something in his mind now, more than ordinary folk can see, you may bet your life."

Captain Marten was now observed returning from the telegraph office.

"Sent a message to the owners," he jerked out.

"Told them blowing hurricane. So it is, too, eh? Shocking weather, eh? Home to-morrow. Give your love to owners, boys, eh?

"Any message to the missus, Captain Jack? Tell her growing too fat on fresh beef, eh?"

"Oh, there's no occasion to take any messages for Larrissey.

"He's going to be in Waterford to-morrow," sneered Captain Archer.

"Waterford to-morrow. What's that I hear, Captain Jack? Blowing a gale outside. Heavy sea. Losing your senses, eh? Getting old, eh?"

"Make your mind easy about me, skipper," replied Larrissey.

"'Tis quite true. I'll be inside the Hook Tower to-morrow, please Heaven, as sure as the Phantom Ship is in St. George's Channel to-night."

"Phantom ship—Phantom ship! What ails the man?

"Told you he was going wrong aloft. See a doctor, Larrissey. Too much fresh beef. Must go aboard. Get things to rights. See a doctor, old man, Ta ta, boys. Must be off."

"Easy, easy," cried Larrissey; "I want to see my son Mick. I'm going aboard with you, Marten."

"Blowed if you are. Want a straight jacket—Phantom ship!"

"Don't be in such a violent hurry," said old Larrissey, catching the master of the Dundalk by one arm; "I have a word to say to my boy."

"Last will and testament, eh? See a lawyer. Remember me in your will, eh?"

"Don't be such a fool. I told you I'm going abroad with you, and I mean it."

After a little argument Marten consented to allow Larrissey to accompany him in his boat, and the two skippers were soon on board the steamer.

"Father gone mad, Mick," said Marten, as he vaulted over the steamer's rail.

"All right, skipper," laughed Mick Larrissey, helping his father over the bulwarks. "He looks right enough, at any rate."

Captain Marten, after bustling about the deck for about five minutes, swearing at the crew, and hurling curses down the speaking-tube to the engineer, retired to his own cabin, and then the Larrisseys, father and son, might have been observed having a long and animated conversation, as they leaned with folded arms on the top-gallant rail of the Dundalk.

After about half-an-hour, Captain Larrissey took his departure from the steamer, and was rowed ashore, Captain Marten shouting after him—

"Phantom ship, eh? Look out for squalls, eh? Tell the missus you're gone daft. Don't carry on too much to-night. Lend you a propeller, eh?"

Larrissey's only reply was to wave his hand and shout—

"Safe voyage. Look out for ghosts!"

"Father drinking, Mick, eh? Bad whiskey here. Getting old now. Ought to stop ashore, eh? Give you the ship, eh?"

"Ah! I think he's purty fair, sir," drawled Mick Larrissey, who was almost as lazy as his father.

"I don't think he drinks at all, these times.

"At any rate there's no sign of it on him to-day; and he'll never give up the old brigantine so long as he can stand on one leg."

And as Captain Marten walked away, Mick muttered—

"I'm dashed if he isn't the knowingest old bird in these waters, is my old man. I'm sure I dunno where he gets all his ideas. His head is chock-full of tricks, old as he is."

Towards dusk the wind came out from the N. W. and blew pretty stiffly.

"Change in the wind, Mick. Nor'wester ought to take some of the top of the sea, eh?" remarked Captain Marten, as he stood on his quarter-deck. "Might start her before high water, eh?"

"I don't think 'twill last, sir. No doubt the sea ought to go down a bit, but the wind looks more southerly than ever this minute."

"Think you're right, Mick. Hold on till high water, eh? Go below myself, and have a lie down, call the mate, Mr. Mate, ahoy!"

The mate approached, and Captain Marten instructed him to get the steamer under way at high water.

It was very likely he would take a good sleep, he said, as he had not been in bed for four-and-twenty hours, and he knew he could place confidence in his chief officer. Captain Marten then went below.

"I knew that's what would happen," observed young Larrissey to the mate. "He always does go below when we're getting out of harbor. My old man knew it, too, or he wouldn't have been so eager to make his wager this morning."

"I don't like the whole business," muttered the mate. "Our skipper will eat our heads and his own off with fair rage when he finds out the little game."

"Never you fear about that! He's that nervous about ghosts and the like, that he won't stop on deck five minutes, I'll warrant you; and when the whole thing is over even if he does find it out, he'll be too much ashamed of himself to make a fuss over it; and you leave it to my old man to square it all up for us if things do go crooked.'

"I don't like the business, I tell you," repeated the mate. "If any harm comes to the old craft, we'll be in a nice fix."

"No harm will come to us; and I told my old man I'd cut him adrift the moment there was any sign of trouble or accident. That the only terms I'd agree to over the job."

"All right, Mick! But if the sea gets up very nasty, I'll have no mercy on the brigantine. Mind that."

About an hour before high water the Redundant was seen moving down the harbor with a small tug-boat ahead.

The masters of the other wind-bound ships were thunderstruck.

They could not make out what old Larrissey meant to do.

They could see no use in his towing outside the lights, for the wind was now dead against him, and even if he were to get to sea he could not possibly gain anything—the Redundant could never beat a passage against a nor'west wind and a heavy sea.

At all events he could by no chance make a passage in four-and-twenty hours, and if he didn't make the passage his money was lost.

It seemed as if Larrissey was simply a maniac.

It was now, of course, dark, and the Redundant was soon lost sight of as she proceeded down the harbor.

The masters of the ships remaining in Milford could not tell whether or no the brigantine had gone straight to sea.

The Redundant did not proceed very far.

She came to anchor in the outer harbor, almost alongside the Dundalk, and then the tug-boat left her.

A heavy sea mist had now sprung up, and it was almost impossible to see a ship's length ahead or astern.

The wind, as young Larrissey had prophesied, was flying back again to the S. W. and finally came out about eight o'clock from the S. S. W.

Then the force of the wind began to abate and at high water there was merely a steady whole-sail breeze, accompanied by a very thick mist.

A little before nine o'clock the engines of the Dundalk began to show renewed signs of life.

The anchor was quickly hove up.

Then a few dull splashes of the fan showed that everything was ready for a start.

The order slow ahead was given by the mate.

Mick Larrissey stood by the wheel, for it was to be his steering trick.

The Dundalk moved slowly and carefully out of Milford Haven.

The sea was not quite so heavy outside as they had expected—the nor'west blow had reduced it considerably, and once they got well away to the south'ard, the wind would be almost a fair one for Waterford.

The Dundalk, like many a collier steamer, was not able to make a straight course in the face of anything resembling a heavy sea and an adverse wind.

The mate, who was almost as good a nurse as Captain Marten, kept her with her head to the W. S. W. for the first half of the ebb tide.

Then her course was altered to N. N. W.

As soon as the steamer was laying her new course, Captain Marten awoke from a deep sleep, and rushed, in his usual excited manner on deck.

Mick Larrissey was still at the wheel.

"How's her head now, mate? How's her head now eh?"

The mate told the Captain what they had been doing with the steamer.

"Couldn't do better myself. How's the wind? S. S. W., eh?

"That ought to do it. Home in the morning. Bravo boys,—My God—My God! what's that?"

Uttering these words Captain Marten lifted his hands in horror.

His eyes almost started from their sockets and for a few seconds he seemed as if he were rooted to the same spot on the quarter-deck.

Seeing that his skipper was almost paralyzed from terror, the mate approached him and cried—

"What's wrong, sir! What's wrong?"

"Look there," jerked out Marten in a husky voice, pointing—

"Old Larrissey was right. Don't you see her—the Phantom Ship?"

The mate, shading his eyes with both hands and trembling violently, peered through the darkness.

"Don't you see her? Don't you see her?" cried Captain Marten, still holding out one arm at full length.

"I see something strange, sure enough," replied the mate in a shaky voice.

"Perhaps 'tis the thickness of the mist makes strange shapes rise out of the salt water."

"That's no mist; that's no mist. You know it isn't.

"You're trembling in every limb. Come here, Mick.

"Let go the wheel a minute. What do you see? Isn't that a ship?—a phantom ship?"

There was no mistake about it.

The tall masts of a vessel were seen following in the wake of the steamer.

There seemed to Marten an unearthly halo surrounding the spot where the ship was.

She followed the steamer with unerring certainty.

And she had no sails unfurled.

"Merciful Heaven, we're dead men! If she closes on us we're lost.

"The stench would kill us all, let alone the freight.

"Phantom ship always crowded with corpses.

"Old Larrissey was right. Where does he get his knowledge? Lord have mercy on us!"

He had now recovered himself sufficiently to be able to run to the large speaking tube.

He roared down it to clap on all the steam possible, no matter if the engines were to burst.

Better be blown up than overhauled by that horrible spectre!

Then he rushed down the cabin stairs, wringing his hands and endeavoring to remember his prayers.

The mate was now rolling about the deck in convulsions of laughter, and it was as much as Mick Larrissey could do to hold on to the wheel.

"He'll gain courage by-and-by," said the mate, "and be on deck again; and 'tis time you were relieved of the wheel now, Mick.

"I'll stop on deck myself and see the fun out."

Young Larrissey gave up the wheel to the sailor who was to relieve him after his four hours' steering, and went below to his bunk.

In about half an hour Captain Marten put his head cautiously above the companion and cried—

"Mr. Mate, are you there? Is she gone yet, eh?"

"Come and have a look yourself, sir. We're going five knots faster than we traveled since I joined the Dundalk."

"That's right, that's right—do you see her still, though?" advancing cautiously towards the mate, who stood near the wheel.

"Ah—h!" he screamed, as he could distinguish, even more plainly than before—for the mist was gradually clearing—the masts of the ship following in the steamer's wake.

"She's a brigantine—a brigantine—thought the Phantom ship was a brig—must have altered her rig, eh? Get more steam on.

"Ah—h!" as the spectre ship was seen to give a somewhat violent lurch; and Captain Marten again sought his cabin more terrified than ever.

About every half hour his head was seen above the companion, and with an exclamation of terror he would again descend the cabin staircase almost headlong.

When the Dundalk was abreast of the Smalls Rock—about half way across from Milford to the entrance of Waterford harbor—the flood tide was beginning to make, and the mist had lifted completely.

The wind was also changing and was now almost due south.

The mate of the Dundalk ordered the steamer's head to be put more to the nor'ard and as she suddenly swerved the rope by which the Redundant had been towing parted, and most of it was sent on board the steamer with a swish, very nearly lassoing the man at the wheel.

"Old Larrissey is right enough now," soliloquised the mate.

"This southerly wind and the flood tide will bring his old box into Waterford harbor safe enough.

"I must call the skipper up and tell him we have run ahead of the ghosts."

When Captain Marten next came up the cabin staircase he found the Phantom Brigantine had disappeared into the night.

* * * * *

The Dundalk arrived in Waterford about eight o'clock that morning and was safely moored in her berth about nine.

Captain Marten was standing on the quarter-deck about three in the afternoon when to his utter astonishment he beheld the Redundant towing up the river.

He had not got rid of his astonishment when he saw a small boat approaching his ship, and Captain Larrissey was soon standing on the quarter-deck shaking hands with Captain Marten.

"How did you do it?—how did you do it, eh?

"Quick as a steamboat. Life frightened out of me during the night. Phantom Ship. Right you are, Captain Jack. Owners say I was drunk.

"You can tell 'em. Come along to the office.

"How did you make the passage at all, eh?

"Wonderful man. I'm shaky yet—all of a tremble—terrible time of it."

Captain Larrissey did not interrupt the flow of Captain Marten's conversation, but when he saw the steamboat skipper was quite out of breath he smiled and said—

"I've just come aboard to trouble you for my tow-rope.

"We parted company with you abreast of the Smalls this morning."

For about two minutes there was perfect silence.

Then Captain Marten spoke—

"And did you play that trick on me? Well, keep it dark, you old sinner, and I'll say nothing."

The Housemaid.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

I WAS only a housemaid before I married Will Heathcote, but perhaps you would like to hear my story for all that.

The last place I had was at Bullion Villa, out on the Burton road, Derby.

Mr. Harcross was my master's name, and he was very well off.

Mrs. Harcross came of a good family, too, and their house was furnished real lovely.

Particularly they had a deal of silver; in fact, what with wedding presents and family plate, nearly everything that could be silver was.

Mr. Harcross was rather proud of it, and liked to have it out regular, so their dinner-table every night was quite dazzling.

Sometimes Miss Varley, missis's old-maid aunt, used to say—

"Really, Edith, I am surprised at your having that beautiful epergne constantly in use, and all your lovely silver! I should only use them for company."

Mrs. Harcross would look so roguishly at her aunt, and say—

"Why, aunty, I think Harry is better than any company, and we may as well use them as well as any one else."

Of course, any one coming to the house in summer could see through the large windows what a show there was.

I had lived there above a year, when one Sunday night, as I was hurrying home from Christ Church, a young fellow overtook me.

I had spoken to him once before, so I suppose he thought he might walk on with me.

He was a very pleasant, nice-spoken young man, and I rather liked to have his company.

He walked with me right up to the gate, and asked me when was my night out, saying he should like me to go and see his sister, who lived in Sale street.

Her husband was on the Midland line, but just then he was working away.

I thanked him and told him I could not promise.

He said he should come up at six o'clock on Thursday, my night out.

When I got in I told Ann, the nurse, who was my special friend.

She advised me to go.

She said:—

"You've been breaking your heart about quarrelling with Will Heathcote long enough; get somebody else, and forget him. If Mrs. Gray is his sister, I know her and a rare nice body she is."

Ann's advice overcame any scruples I might have had, so when Thursday night came I went with Jim Peters to Mrs. Gray's.

She made a great fuss over me, told me how Jim had talked about me.

Though I was carried away by her kindness, I couldn't for the life of me help thinking she was rather queer, but it was not till I was taking off my bonnet in our room that it struck me how they had drawn me out about our doings at Bullion Villa, and how curious they had seemed about our ways.

However, I thought perhaps they liked to hear how better-class folks lived.

I made up my mind when I went to tea Sunday week, as I had promised, I would not be quite so open about master's affairs, and not tell them quite so much about our plate.

But good resolutions are easier made than kept.

When I got to Sale Street I gabbled as hard as ever.

We got very friendly.

So when Jim asked me to marry him I promised, though I knew quite well I did not care for him half as much as I did for Will Heathcote, with whom I had quarrelled six months before.

One night, when we were out together, Jim said:

"Susan, my gal, don't you sometimes wish that some o' that there grand silver was yours?"

"Hi, lad!" I answered, laughing; "it would be a rare fine thing for us, but it is not, and ain't likely to be."

Jim turned, and looked at me rather queer, and said—

"I don't know so much about that, Sue, my beauty, if so be you was same mind as me."

"How queer you do talk, Jim!" I said, staring at him; "I don't know what you mean."

"Never mind, lass," he replied, laughing; "you do know as how I love you. I wonder if you're half as cracked over me as I am over you."

Nothing more was said about the plate that night.

I turned Jim's funny way of talking pretty well over in my mind.

All at once I remembered a piece I had once read in a London paper which had come wrapped around the soap, about a young chap courting a girl, and getting her to tell him all about the silver, and then breaking into the house and murdering her so as she couldn't swear to his identity.

I couldn't at first believe Jim could be such a villain; but the more I thought about his speech and ways the less I liked them; and I felt sure and certain he was after no good.

At first I determined not to have anything more to say to him, but afterwards I said to myself:—

"Well, if he really is such a scamp and a scoundrel as to try to make a poor girl love him to make a tool of her, I'll try and be a match for him."

After this we had a good many walks together, and I could see plainly how he was leading me on—making me dissatisfied at being a servant and trying to make me believe I was very hardly treated.

Of course, I let him convince me that it was a dreadful shame that master and missis should have such lots of money whilst I had to work hard for a whole year to earn a paltry eighteen pounds.

At last, one night, his badness came out of him.

He had been talking about us getting off to New Zealand, and what easy lives we should lead if we only once got there.

"How much should we want to take us, Jim?" I asked him, innocently.

"Oh, a matter of a hundred or so," he said carelessly.

"Oh, Jim, it might as well be a million or so, 'cause we can't raise all that."

"Don't you think, Sue, it is abominable that some folk should be rolling in wealth, and us have nothing? Now, only fancy, if we just had the price of that big silver thing you put flowers in, and those big silver trays I saw once on your sideboard, we should have enough to last us our life, and your folks never feel the loss!"

Even though I was prepared for this, it shook me, but as I saw he was closely watching my face, I said, sulkily:

"True enough, my lad, but then they've got them and we haven't, so what's the good of talking?"

I need not tell every word he said, but the plot agreed on was this: The night after I was to leave open the dining-room window. When I heard a cat mew I was to glide quietly downstairs with the keys of the sideboard where the silver was kept.

Jim and his "pal" would clear off with the booty, and I was to stay behind to divert suspicion.

I agreed to everything but this last clause vowing that I would leave the house with Jim or chuck up the whole affair.

After trying in vain to turn me, Jim gave in, saying:

"All right, old woman; you shall go with me, but I'll be hanged if I thought you were such spoons over me."

In my own mind I rejoined, "It's very likely you will be hanged, but not for murdering me, if I can help it."

You see, I didn't really love him, or I shouldn't have thought like that.

When I went in I waited until the others had gone to bed, then I rapped at the drawing-room door and asked master if he would please come into the kitchen.

I didn't tell him out before missis, because she was so delicate and easily frightened.

As soon as he came I told him my tale straight forward, and asked him what I was to do.

He stood considering for a time, and then said:

"I think, Susan, you had better do as you have arranged, then we shall catch the scamps easily."

I had full confidence in him, so I only said:

"Very well, sir; but I hope you will pardon my boldness if I ask you to be very careful, for that Jim is as sharp as a razor."

Master laughed.

"All right, Susan, I think we shall be one too many for him."

Next day things went on just as usual, and at half-past six I ran down to the back-garden gate as I had promised Jim; it was just turning dark, so I was not afraid of being seen.

In answer to his question if all was right, of course I said, "Yes."

"Then you know the sign, and what to do; but remember, my gal, if you play us false, you'll know how a nice cold bullet feels through your brain."

I realised then for the first time what a risk I was running, and a cold shiver ran through me, but I managed to look into the wretch's face and say with a smile, "I'm not afraid, Jim, dear." Then pretending I heard the kitchen door open I ran back to the house.

How the night dragged on!

At last one o'clock came; I heard the faint mew of a cat outside, and I went down to the dining room and softly undid the shutter, when, horror of horrors, Jim came through, followed by two men!

Jim said, softly, "Now, Sue, my lass, look alive."

I took the keys out of my pocket and unlocked the sideboard; Jim and one of the men began taking out the silver whilst the other one stood ready with his revolver. I never shall forget that moment! I saw the heavy crimson curtains move, and in an instant the three burglars were in the grasp of the police, assisted by Mr. Harcross and the gardener; the house was soon roused, and, after a desperate struggle, the three robbers were mastered and handcuffed.

Just as they were being taken away, Jim turned to me, and said, "You jade, this is all your doing."

Next day, master sent for me into the library, where there was a grave, stern-looking gentleman with him, but he was kind, and spoke to me very nicely, saying that, through my brave conduct, they had caught three desperate housebreakers, and he told me, too, that I was entitled to a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars, which had been offered to any one who led to their apprehension.

The three were tried at the March sessions, and Thomas Briggs, alias Robert Barr, alias Edward Williams, etc., was imprisoned for life; whilst Joseph Harris, alias Tom Everton, alias Jim Peters, and the other one, got fourteen years each.

I was very glad I had got Jim Peters sent to prison, when it came out on his trial that he had a wife and four small children, whom he had deserted.

Master behaved very handsome to me, and set me up in the business where Will and I are now.

Scientific and Useful.

WATERPROOF.—Labels may be fixed upon tin boxes, etc., exposed to damp, by the following method: White of egg is diluted with one-half part of water and applied with a brush to the surfaces to be united. A hot iron is then passed over the paper so as to congulate the albumen. By means of successive layers of paper and albumen waterproof boxes, etc., may be formed.

HINTS.—Paint which has become dry and hard may be removed by rubbing the spot with oxalic acid diluted with water. Try a week solution first, and if it does not remove the stain increase the strength. To remove carpet stains: If the grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible, let it lie for several hours and it will absorb the grease.

OVERFEEDING.—Some of the English medical journals have already begun to point out the great importance of not overfeeding infants with starch food, such as bread, farina, gruel, etc., as the warm season approaches. According to authorities like Sir James Paget, such overfeeding is a fruitful cause of the large infant mortality in warm weather. The one article most necessary to the life of the child at all times is water.

GAS AND OIL.—Most of the French railways still adhere to oil as an illuminant of their carriages, but gas has been introduced lately on several lines. In France all the carriages which use gas are supplied with a little tap, by means of which the amount of light can be regulated by the traveler on his journey. The gas cannot be entirely shut off, but can be reduced to a thread. The companies thus gain by saving the light, as the passengers do by excluding it.

"PROGRESSIVE" EUCHRE.—"Progressive euchre is nothing more than the regulation game so denominated, except that several sets play at different tables, numbered from one up. The partners winning the greatest number of games at the table No. 1 advance to table No. 2, and so on until the last is reached, exactly as in a spelling class the person spelling the greatest number of words ultimately reaches the head of the class. There are prizes or 'favors' given the successful players."

KEROSENE.—The lowest safe point of kerosene oil is one hundred degrees; for domestic use it ought not to be lower than one hundred and twenty degrees. To test it, put a small quantity in a saucer or tin vessel and float it in water heated to one hundred degrees. Apply a lighted match an inch or so above the kerosene, and if it takes fire it is dangerous. The flashing point may be found by noting the temperature with a thermometer as it falls. It has recently been proposed to prevent petroleum fires by placing a bottle of ammonia in each barrel of the oil; on ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break, and the effect of the ammoniacal vapors would be to extinguish the fires.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—Good dry quarters and pastures free from wet are best for sheep. If the sheep were as carefully attended to as the dairy cows there would be fewer complaints of foot-rot and distemper.

GRASS.—Orchard grass may be grown anywhere in the country. It makes excellent pasturage. The rapidity of its growth is great. It makes flesh, and is very nutritious. From its appearance it is sometimes called cock's foot grass. It thrives in somewhat shaded places. Of course, hay can be made from it, although it is very course, and it seems never tired of growing, either after close cutting or after close pasturing. In fact it must be close fed. The time for cutting is about the same time as for clover.

INSECTS.—A writer describing the habits of injurious insects in England, and the means of preventing their ravages, particularly advises the turning up of the soil late in the autumn, or during winter, so as to expose them while in their dormant condition to the frosts and blasts of winter. A correspondent suggests that, as many lie at full furrow depth in the soil, they will not reached unless by deep plowing, and that whatever may be said against deep plowing in some soils, it is the only way of reaching these deep burrows of insects.

HORSES.—It is time for our farmers to understand, says an Iowa experimenter, that the days of the small horses are over, except to drive to town and for light livery work. They cannot afford either to raise them or own them. If they will observe carefully they will discover that it costs no more to keep a colt two years than a calf, and that during these two years on stock keep the colt will increase in value a great deal faster than the calf. We do not advise farmers to go altogether into horse farming, or into any other speciality, but along with the calves and pigs raise a few good, large colts.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1884.

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ENTHUSIASM.

Although physically, as every schoolboy knows, the highest among vertebrate and warm-blooded beings—morally, a good moiety of mankind must undoubtedly be placed among the cold-blooded, the presence or the absence of enthusiasm distinguishing the higher from the lower varieties.

Enthusiasm is life and progress; want of enthusiasm, torpidity and retrogression. Enthusiasm, especially in public men, is often harshly criticised. It is supposed to be inconsistent with common sense, with a due regard for natural interests.

On the other hand, its presence is indispensable to the leader who would secure the hearty allegiance of his followers.

Without enthusiasm it may be safely said no very great deed was ever consummated, although misdirected enthusiasm has often spoiled good ordinary routine work.

Enthusiasm must, therefore, be tempered with discretion. It is not enough to burn with desire to do some great thing. We must examine well the difficulties in the way, must ponder coolly over the means of overcoming them, and then, but not till then, when every preparation has been made, when every issue has been searched and sounded, cast discretion (if our aim be a worthy one) to the winds, resolutely burn our ships, and march straightforward to the goal.

No permanently successful leader of men, no chief whose work has long survived his life, has been without a double measure of enthusiasm.

Cromwell was an enthusiast, and so was Loyola. Buddha and Mahomet, Luther and Columbus, all owe their triumphs to the fire that burned within.

It was the absence of enthusiasm, of passionate zeal for some really noble aim, which was the one thing lacking in the marvelous genius of Napoleon.

Here cold-blooded, selfish calculation, brought about the fall for which it had long before undermined the ground.

But it is not enough to be eager and enthusiastic. The passion which is as "light straw on fire," expects too much, and underrates the worth of little things

We cannot all do great deeds; become great generals, great preachers, great movers of our fellow-men.

It is the tendency of our modern life to make each man feel himself a unit in a surging crowd, a being who can do little more than look to his own self, and to the personal gain or pleasure of the moment. Yet they, too, "serve who only stand and wait," or they who only move onwards inch by inch, with "toil of heart, knees and hands."

The ancient legend of the two Antonys tells a lesson from which all may profit. The one Antony was the famous saint, whose asceticism and self-denial are the world's wonder, and whom pilgrims came from afar to see.

But he dreamed that there was another Antony holier than he, and left his cave to go in search of him. And when he found him he was a simple cobbler, whom none suspected to be a saint at all, and who earned his bread by the labor of his hands, and was generally respected as a just and merciful man.

The enthusiast must, therefore, arm himself with common sense. He must be a judge of the proportions of things, and accurately measure work and results. These are the gifts which make enthusiasm fruitful.

It was in this spirit that the older artisans—let us hope some modern ones as well—applied enthusiasm to their work.

They were not artists, and they knew the limits of their power; but within those limits they worked as though they could do all.

Each little they added to the whole was in harmony with the rest, and instinct with modest, independent genius. Perfunctory labor, however accurate and methodical, is worthless by comparison with this.

The enthusiasm, the good-will for work which Nature implants in us, must be pruned and disciplined, not suffered to run off, or be puffed up.

It has nothing in it of the spirit of the charlatan. It does not cry aloud until the necessity demands, or wear its heart upon its sleeve.

It is a fire burning secretly, yet warming the whole man and his work. Without it, the entire moral world would become what astronomers tell us the physical cosmos will be one day—a barren mass, in which there is no more life; only the dry, chilled frame of an extinct volcano.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THERE is a club of pretty girls in Boston who have sworn never to wear eye-glasses or spectacles before they are married. It appears that the average Boston girl reads and studies so much that very many of them are near-sighted. Glasses have, therefore, been greatly in vogue, but a girl with glasses is almost unkissable. Therefore the society aforementioned.

—

LORD GOWER recently remarked, concerning the appearance of titled tourists here: "My experience is, that though a title may be a passport into some circles of society, it is, on the whole, a drawback among your people. It subjects it possessor to two sorts of annoyance—that which arises from the common dislike of aristocratic eminence, and that which comes from quite general doubt as to its genuineness."

—

RECENT investigation, it is said, shows that the rays of the moon shed directly on fish, even if it be on ice, will cause rapid decay. The test of this in tropical countries, where the moon's influence is supposed to be greatest, was entirely satisfactory, four of the sailors who ate some moon-struck fish having nearly died. The natives of Australia will not eat either fish or fowl that has been exposed to the moon's rays; neither will they sleep with their faces where there is any possibility of being struck by them.

—

IN an Ohio city, recently, a pretentious shopper, after bothering the clerks of a dry goods store beyond endurance, pompously ordered a spool of cotton to be sent to her house. Accordingly, a common dray drawn by four horses, was procured, and four stalwart laborers, with bare arms, were placed upon it to hold the spool. When the vehicle drove up to her door, everybody stared, and nobody could make out the purpose. After a deal of whip-cracking and other impressive ceremonies, the dray was backed against the curb. There, reposing calmly and up in the centre of the cart, was the spool. With the aid of a plank it was finally rolled, barrel fashion, safely to the sidewalk, and after a struggle it was "upended" on the purchaser's door-step. They do say that she kicked it into the street when informed of its arrival.

—

WHAT is needed in the medical education of this country is rigid preliminary examination of applicants for admission to medical colleges in all important branches taught in literary and scientific colleges; greater thoroughness in the medical course, and a very decided extension of the course to three or four full years, and a searching examination before certification. This would cut down the number of students and break up some colleges which are conducted to make money, but it would be far better for the medical profession.

—

IN the United States during the past six months there have been on an average about nine murders and four suicides a day, while the executions numbered about two, and the lynchings three a week. The number of persons killed at the hands of their fellow-men was nearly four and a half times as great as during the same period of 1883. In the number of murders committed, Kentucky and Mississippi are leading with 93 each, followed by Texas with 89, New York ranking sixth with 65, twenty-three of which were committed in New York city.

—

A VERY large proportion of the textile manufactories of the country is located in the nine Eastern most States in the Union—New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Of $220,000,000 of the capital invested in the manufacture of cotton goods, according to the last census, $192,000,000—88 per cent. of the whole—was in these States. Eighty-one millions of the $96,000,000 invested in the woolen goods manufacture—nearly 80 per cent.—was in the same States. The proportion of silk, worsted goods, hosiery, carpets and mixed textiles was larger still, so that, when all the textile interests of the country are combined, it is seen that the gross capital invested in them is $431,878,000, of which sum $387,574,000 represented the amount invested in the nine States named, being 89⅞ per cent. of it all.

—

A PARTY of fifty women left France for New Caledonia a short time ago under peculiar circumstances. They were women sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for grave offences, who have elected to go to the French penal colony, where they will find husbands in the convicts of the first-class—that is, those convicts who have by their good behavior entitled themselves to a government grant of land, and obtained permission to marry. The women were selected from various prisons, and are described as young and good-looking. On their arrival they will be housed in a religious establishment managed by a community of Sisters, where bachelor convicts of the privileged class will be permitted to visit them, and, as often as a marriage is arranged, the Colonial government will at once provide the bride with a trousseau and set the couple up in housekeeping in a small way.

—

A RECENT publication gives some excellent advice to the large number of people who are compelled to spend the summer within the scorching limits of bricks and mortar. It says: "First, lessen your meat, and increase your fruit diet. All sub-acid summer fruits purify the blood; tender vegetables suit well the human stomach, and those who partake freely of both never need drugs. Second, don't worry over the heat. It doesn't bring down the thermometer a bit. Third, don't be ashamed of the sun umbrella. Fourth, do not be so foolish as to expect an "elixir of life" in strong drink, used in winter to banish cold, used in summer for relief from heat. Whisky is inflammatory to blood and tissue, and death lurks in every glass of summer liquor. Drink water in moderation; drink lemonade, soda-water, acidulated drinks of any kind in the same way. Slowly sucking pellets of ice, or simply rinsing out the mouth and throat with water will allay thirst, and thus prevent the excess in use of liquids. Fifth, pay due attention to cleanliness, both of person and surroundings. Morning and evening sponge-bathing of the body is refreshing and toning. The morning bath had better be cool and warm at bed-time. If the heat of the night prevents sleeping, and hours of restlessness are spent, sleep often quickly follows a warm bath. Live lazily during midday, doing most of the day's work in early morning hours.

—

WHY do people shake hands when they meet? It seems all right when you do it, but when you watch other people, it appears almost ridiculous. A young lady lately shook hands with a young man. She gave him the flippant member in a perfectly limp way. He squeezed it, and shook it from the shoulder down, without its giving evidence of feeling. Then she lets it flop by her side. Now, that isn't fair. If you are going to shake hands, shake. It is almost a certain sign that a girl is an American if she puts her hand in yours quite impassively, and leaves it there until you have done with it. A man naturally squeezes it. His first grasp does not fully calculate its limpness, and he thinks she might be offended. He gives it another gentler pressure. He feels the rings sink into the fingers. He tries a third time to get some response. She does not return the squeeze. She does not move it. She does not take it away. She simply does nothing at all. She looks as if she had forgotten he had hold of it. It breaks the man all up, and he drops it in disgust. In this manner of hand-shaking we are far behind. Men are all right, but a woman never knows the difference between a tight pressure and a meaningless squeeze. When a foreign lady shakes hands she generally gives you an honest squeeze.

—

A FRENCHMAN recently died, who, on his wedding day some twenty years ago, took the original resolution to keep a yearly account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife until their union became severed by the death of one or the other. He was destined to be the first to go, but when on his sick bed, foreseeing that he would not recover, he begged a friend to let the world know the result of his twenty years' account-keeping. During the first year of wedded life the kisses exchanged reached the colossal figure of 36,500, or 100 a day on an average; but in the following twelve months there was a notable decrease, not more than 16,000 being inscribed on his register; while the third year shows a still greater falling off, the average number of kisses being about ten a day; and after a lapse of five years a further reduction is recorded, and the account-keeper's task was simplified, for only two kisses were exchanged during each twenty-four hours—"one on rising, one on retiring to rest." Later on, during the last ten years of his married life, they "only kissed each other on leaving for, or returning from, a journey," and he had very little trouble in making up his annual domestic statistics.

—

ALL good gifts are to be valued, but surely those of the mind and heart are more precious than merely physical attributes, or the vain glitter of gold and silver. Let us consider what love really is. It is not a mere selfish fondness; it is a gem of the purest water, unchanged by time or circumstances; it is eternal in its nature; and beautiful as are the things said of it, they are less than the feeling itself. The bosom that harbors it in the fullest and highest sense has received a heavenly guest; living on like the sun, through good and evil, unchanged by falsehood or the world's bitter trials. When this sun first shines upon the heart, it seems as if a higher and far brighter existence had begun for us. The earth seems more fair to us; the flowers never looked so beautiful, the sky never so blue, the birds sing more melodiously, and the trees wave more gladly in the breeze. This season, the early summer of life, comes to most who are endowed with imagination, but it is often as fleeting as the first bright, joyous days of the earth's summer itself. Every woman should learn that where her home is, there her duties lie; and she should make that home a little paradise to all who come within its magic circle. She should be ever willing to add to its comfort and elegance, and never forget to look her prettiest, and to meet with a loving welcome the husband of her choice.

PARTED.

BY FRANCIS E. BRADLEY.

Farewell, farewell—a sadder strain
There is no other word can give:
But we are parted though we live,
And ne'er may meet on earth again.

My life is void without thy love—
A harp with half its strings destroyed:
And thoughts of pleasures once enjoyed,
Can naught of consolation prove.

We live apart—the ocean's flow
Divides thy sunny home from mine:
And, musing on the shore's decline,
I watch the waters come and go.

I trace thy image in the sand:
I call thy name—I call in vain:
The breeze is blowing from the main,
And mocks me waiting on the strand.

I see the might rivers roll
To plunge, tumultuous, in the sea:
So all my thoughts flow on to thee,
And merge together in their goal.

But thou hast uttered "Fare thee well;"
And I must bid a last adieu,
Nor let the aching heart pursue
The longings that no tongue can tell.

* * * * * * * * *

And now, the slow returning tide
No longer murmurs of the sea:
The breeze has changed; it flies to thee
And breathes my message at thy side.

The tide shall ebb and flow for aye,
The fickle breeze may wander free;
But all my thoughts shall flow to thee,
Till life and longing pass away.

A Slender Clue.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

MANY a year ago, on a July afternoon I was sitting in my study, waiting, like many a young advocate, for clients who came not.

At about four o'clock a gentleman was announced by the name of Lavigne.

I was glad to think that I knew no one of the name, for being unknown he might be a client.

A tall, well-dressed man entered, and asked whether he could have half an hour's talk with me.

I consulted my watch and diary with the true air of a busy man, and thought I could spare the time.

Would I mind locking the door?

Hardly.

Did I remember the Dumont murder?

Slightly.

Would I listen whilst he gave an account of it?

Ten years ago Mons. Dumont, a wealthy banker, married a young widow, with whom two of his friends, Messrs. Le Theuff and Goudin, were in love; nevertheless they remained his friends.

All three gambled heavily.

The banker, the rich man, won whilst the others lost.

One night, the 3rd of February, Madame Dumont went to a masked ball, leaving her husband, who was suffering from rheumatism, at home in bed.

On her return she found him lying dead, with his throat cut.

Goudin was arrested and tried.

A strong case of circumstantial evidence was brought against him, the principal witness being Mons. Le Theuff.

Mons. G. set up an alibi.

He proved that he was at the dance, and asserted that during the time when the deed must have been done he was in an alcove talking to Madame Dumont.

This she corroborated.

The court reluctantly acquitted Mons. Goudin, but all Paris believed him guilty, and thought Madame Dumont was his accomplice.

The widow retired to her mother's.

Mons. Goudin, though really innocent, unable to face the public suspicion, went to Australia and there made a fortune.

My visitor had grown so excited that I soon guessed that I had before me Mons. Goudin returned from Australia.

Wishing to show my smartness I stopped him, and said:—

"So you are Mons. G., and have come back from Australia anxious to prove your innocence."

The stranger jumped up and nervously asked how I knew it, and seemed much relieved to find that it was a guess.

He said that I was right, and that he would spare no expense to establish his innocence.

Since his return he had seen the widow herself.

She had told him Le Theuff was heavily indebted to her husband, who on the 2d of February had said that he had quarreled with him over cards, and was going to make it warm for him next day.

She was sure Le Theuff had murdered her husband.

She would not, however, tell him the reason for her belief.

The murderer had left Paris soon after the trial, as he was found out in cheating at cards.

He was living quietly at Auray, in South Brittany.

"Now," said he, "I know he is the murderer, for he gave false evidence against me. You must go to Auray, get introduced to him—that I can manage; and even if it costs you two years you must worm out this secret."

I objected on the ground that there could not be any evidence.

Mons. Goudin then said that he had omitted one thing.

Madame Dumont and her maid said that the murdered man had round his neck, the night of his death, a gold chain with a locket containing her portrait, painted by her, and also a lock of her hair.

This chain was not found on the body, nor was the locket.

She was sure Le Theuff had taken it, and did not believe, for reasons she would not give, that he had destroyed it.

This seemed to me very probable, and I felt that if I could find the locket in his possession I should most assuredly convict the man.

Monsieur Goudin offered me so large a reward that at last I agreed to aid him in the case.

I soon arrived at Auray, and took a room at the very comfortable Hotel du Pavillon.

The day after my arrival I called on Mons. Poncard, a notary.

He was to introduce me to Mons. Le Theuff.

I found him a clever, handsome man, and very polite.

He told me that my adversary was considered queer.

He did not go into Auray society—indeed, he shunned it.

He lived all alone in the upper half of a small house in the Rue Leperdit, the shopkeeper of the lower half acting as valet, cook, etc.

He was said to be studying the Carnac stones, and supposed to be writing a book about them.

Mons. Poncard had met him at Carnac, and had dined several times with him, but found that he played cards too high, and successfully; at which he smiled, knowing the cause of his success.

He never would come inside any one's house but his own.

After a long talk we walked together to the Rue Leperdit.

I am naturally of a phlegmatic disposition, but for the once my heart beat very fast.

I had formed the idea of a tall, big man, for Mons. Goudin was tall and big; but when a deep voice had called out "Enter," and I saw him, I was staggered.

He was tall, very broad-shouldered and deep-chested, and under his heavy arms, when he moved them, rose mountains of muscle.

His face was one which Mons. Legros would have delighted to paint.

A broad, low forehead, heavy black brows and dark eyes set very far apart; a wide, short, flat nose; a long upper lip, with a large, thick mouth, fresh, drink-suggesting lips, and a great square jaw.

Not a beauty, you will say.

No, but hideously fascinating.

I am not imposing, in body at least.

My height is but five feet three, and I am not broad.

I don't think I could lift 200 pounds even to be made king, or Emperor of France, or President of the Republic, as the case might be.

My face, however, is eminently aristocratic, so my friends say: high, narrow forehead, and delicate, prominent nose, and I have been called, not bad-looking.

What a pretty contrast there must have been for Mons. Poncard to observe between the hunter and the hunted!

Mons. Le Theuff was very pleasant, and talked remarkably.

Instead of showing, like an ordinary educated Frenchman, a surface knowledge of many things, or like an Englishman, a solid acquaintance with a few, he exhibited a Frenchman's universality and an Englishman's solidity of knowledge, so that each subject seemed to have been his special study.

After a long talk we left, but not before I had accepted an invitation to dine with him that evening.

The dinner was delightful, for the wine and cooking were good, and his talk was fascinating.

Indeed, under his influence I myself talked much better than usual.

After dinner we played at cards, at which I lost heavily.

What can skill do against unfair play?

During the next week I saw him daily, but learnt little.

I found that he carried pistols.

Do you suppose I did not?

I asked him why he had them.

He had nervous fits sometimes, in which he fancied that some one was pursuing him, and he felt much relieved by feeling them.

Was it not ridiculous?

I thought it so ridiculous that a cold stream of perspiration ran down my back.

By the end of the week I found the cards were becoming a serious strain, and feared Mons. Goudin would not like the bill.

Did he play chess?

Yes.

I found that I was somewhat the stronger, so I manœuvred to just let him win on the whole.

Three weeks I spent at Auray, yet heard nothing, saw nothing, found nothing.

Three delightful weeks, yet in part a period of agony.

Alone together we sailed in his boat down the river.

Beautiful is the wide river, running now past the hilly banks covered with trees through which peeps out many an old chateau, and now by the flat shores of the oyster parks, with the lazy cormorants waiting with stolid patience for the incautious movements of their prey; brightened by the fishing boats with their strange-shaped red sails.

Along we used to sail, down to Gavr' Inis, the Isle of the Goat, and then out into the lacework of blue sea and ruddy islands which forms the little Sea of Morbihan.

Sometimes we landed on and sometimes we rounded the islands which equal in number the days of the year.

One day in the boat there happened that which ended our sails.

I, sitting there, a few feet from a desperate man of ten times my strength, with but an inch of wood between me and death, brooding over my mission, was seized by a mad desire to tell him that I knew his secret, and was come to drag him to death.

So powerful grew this madness that the terrible effort I made to combat it saved me by causing me to faint.

When I came round I found the monster had tended me with the kindness of a woman.

Long walks we took together to Quiberon, over the narrow peninsula, with the deep still sea of a heavy blue stretching out heavenward on the one side, and on the other the sea battling with the red-brown rocks, throwing up crowds of dazzling white spray, through which the sun shone so that they looked like showers of crystals.

We walked to Carnac to gaze at the rows of great stones, mute, indecipherable records of the buried past.

One evening, when the sun had sunk and the dreary stones cast a thousand weird shadows in the moonlight, the same mad longing to tell him my secret came over me, and the same dreadful struggle with my madness took place.

I began to despair of success.

Three weeks gone, nothing new known, and I had grown sick of the whole affair, when one day he announced that he was going to Paris on business.

The news gave me life.

Something was to be done at last.

Hastily I sent off to Mons. Goudin to bid him make ready in Paris.

Then I waited with feverish anxiety till he had gone.

Hardly had he left the house before I entered, accompanied by a locksmith, and we searched.

Was there ever a house so searched before?

We took up all the planks, removed all the tapestry off the walls, tested every stone, took all the furniture to pieces, shook all the wine-bottles, and, in fact, so carefully did we search, that the locksmith said that if he had hidden a pin we should have found it.

All in vain.

We put everything back in its place, and I waited.

Then came a dismal letter.

With the aid of the police, Mons. Le Theuff had been attacked by sham robbers, three of whom he had nearly killed, had been chloroformed, stripped and searched by them.

At the same time all his luggage had been secretly examined at his hotel.

Nothing was found.

Back came Mons. Le Theuff, furious at having been robbed.

I now wished to give up the case.

The locket seemed destroyed, and therefore all clue was lost.

My health had now begun to suffer from the number of mental struggles I had gone through.

Mme. Dumont was sure he would never have destroyed the locket, but that it must be hidden.

She begged me to go on.

Mons. Goudin told me that Madame had promised to marry him if the murderer was convicted, and not otherwise, and joined his entreaties to hers, and so I gave way.

A few days slowly dragged on, when suddenly I hit on a grand idea.

This is how it happened.

I was sitting at dinner at my hotel one day, next to an Englishman.

Now I understand English very well, I am a very good linguist.

He was talking to the lady on the other side of him, of Frederick Anton Mesmer.

I hardly noticed the conversation until the lady said:

"I would not let anyone mesmerise me; they might make me tell them all my secrets."

Like a flash of lightning came to me the idea of mesmerising my murderer.

So much did it startle me, that foolishly trying to swallow some red-hot soup in a mechanical way, I choked badly.

My Englishman kindly patted me on the back, with blows like an big elephant's kick.

To Paris I went next day to study mesmerism.

I stopped there a week and came back quite satisfied.

Though I am weak in body, I am strong in mind.

I had found no great difficulty in mesmerising several young men.

In the evening of the day of my return I went round to Mons. Le Theuff's.

I felt that I should have to be very careful, lest, like the English lady, he should decline to be mesmerised for fear of telling his secret.

During dinner I casually mentioned the subject, and afterwards I told him of part of what I had seen.

I stated, however, that none of the subjects could be got to talk.

I turned a delicate hint about his being an interesting subject (a strong enough truth to morally counterbalance the falsehood I had told him about the muteness of the mesmerised).

Then came a check.

He gave so decided a statement that he would never be mesmerised that I dared not say more.

That night, sorely troubled by the apparent failure of my scheme, I tossed about on my bed in sleepless despair for hours, till at last, exhausted, I fell asleep and dreamed.

In my dream I found myself gazing at the murderer, and gradually losing my senses before the power of his eyes.

Just as I felt all was over, lo! his eyes relaxed their stare, he fell back, and I awoke.

Then came into my mind this strange idea.

Why not let him try to mesmerise me, and then mesmerise him in the attempt.

In the morning I went and talked to Mons. Poncard.

He thought my idea would not do, for being the subject I could not use any passes.

So not only might I fail, but I might succumb to his power, and then——

"And then there would be an inquest," said I. "But I think I see my way. I believe he has no knowledge of the subject, and probably no book on it.

"Let us print a book with false directions, so that he using it will really be mesmerised, and not mesmeriser, and I can use the passes."

At once he agreed.

In four days I had a clean copy of a treatise on the subject, with a chapter cut out, and a false one added.

Mons. Le Theuff had asked me to dinner on the night on which the book came home.

After warning Mons. Poncard, I set out at a quarter to six with the book under my arm.

It was an oppressively hot evening, and a rising summer storm seemed to blow the heat about in red hot particles.

He was in great spirits, for he had just found his cat, which had been lost for four days—a quiet, timid white cat, which was the only thing he seemed to love, or even to care for.

A feeling of pity came over my mind as I thought of the poor wretch, reduced to choosing a cat as something he dare love.

Never had he seemed so pleasant, never did he talk so brilliantly.

I caught his spirit, and astonished myself with my sallies of wit.

Yet a moment's pause almost unmanned me.

Dish after dish went away, half eaten with relish, and half untouched.

After dinner a game of chess, in which I at first got the best, till looking up I saw the white cat sitting on his shoulder, and a horrid thought of the handkerchief that would be bound round his eyes on the scaffold struck me, and so unnerved me that I played stupidly and lost.

The game did for me exactly what I wanted—it exhausted him to some extent.

I now broached the subject and showed him the book on mesmerism.

How my heart beat and the pulses in my temples throbbed whilst he read!

The minutes he took seemed to me to be hours.

When he simply said, "Is that all?" the sudden relief almost made me giddy.

He consented, after a little while, to mesmerise me.

I drew my chair close to his, and put a candle close beside me.

There was little need of light, for the moon streaming through the open window filled the room, but I thought the candle might hurt his eyes.

I seated myself opposite to him, and put his hands on my knees, and then I held my hands over his eyes as a shade, and turned my eyes on his.

Moment by moment passed, and those eyes, usually so sleepy and small, grew larger and larger, blacker and blacker, and seemed to stand out of his head; and then came through my mind the awful question, Shall I fail?

Weaker and weaker I grew, and an awful vague horror filled me, so that in an agony I would have screamed, but that my tongue stuck in my mouth.

Just as hopeless, helpless, and motionless in body, my very soul seemed being dragged out of me, the thought of my dream-triumph rushed through my mind, and waked me from the deadening lethargy.

Stronger I grew at once.

Taking my hands from his eyes I moved them slowly over his forehead.

Fearful became his grasp on my knees, so that I nearly cried out.

Then I became conscious, although I saw nothing, that he was struggling fearfully against me.

For hours the struggle seemed to last, and my bodily exhaustion became terrible, whilst his hands seemed to eat into my flesh.

At last I mechanically put my thumb on the broad space between his eyes.

Firmly I pressed, and his hands grasp grew weaker.

Then almost suddenly the life seemed to go out of his eyes, although they remained open.

Then his hands fell to his sides, and his head sank back.

Noiselessly I got up, though I knew no noise would wake him, and filling a glass with cognac, I drank it.

Never before was nectar so sweet to me.

The blood rushed through my veins, and I ceased to tremble.

I drew his pistols from his pocket, took out the cartridges, emptied the powder, put them back, and then replaced the pistols.

I ran over to Mons. Poncard's, and saying never a word, for I seemed to have lost my tongue, I beckoned to him, and he followed.

Up the stairs we crept, and then leaving him in the anteroom, I walked towards the door,

My hand was on the handle, when the thought, "Suppose he is awake!" struck me.

I listened a moment, and could hear nothing but my heart's beat and the distant moaning wind.

Suppose he was feigning sleep more surely to catch me!

I felt that I had gone too far to draw back.

I cocked my pistol and then turned the door-handle.

A long time I stood scarcely daring to breathe.

My heart beat so that I fancied its sound would disturb him.

Inch by inch I pushed the door open, and then suddenly began a vibrating noise, now growing louder, now softer.

My heart ceased to beat, my hand ceased to tremble, and almost petrified with terror I stood and listened.

After a few moments the mysterious sound struck me as being not human, so with as little noise as possible I pushed my head into the room.

There he sat, motionless as one dead; his head thrown right back, the cold light of the moon pouring down on his face, showing its cruel hard lines and his great bull throat; and there on his knee sat the white cat, purring, unconscious of her master's fate.

On tiptoes I advanced, and as I drew near I saw something which nearly sickened me.

The light streaming down on his eyes showed but two dull white masses, for the eyeballs had passed into the head.

Driving away the cat, which had been trying to wake him from his deadly sleep, I told him to rise, and the voice that came from my lips was that of a stranger. He moved not.

Again and again I spoke, still he sat there, like a dead thing, so that the notary who had crept in called out, '*Mon Dieu!* you have killed him!'

You can guess how that alarmed me.

I sent Mons. Poncard away, and shuddering laid my hands on his forehead, then passed them to and fro, flicked my handkerchief in his face, and blew on him.

Then the eyeballs slowly descended, and I feared he might have come too far round, but his vacant look reassured me.

As the eyeballs came back, I felt in me a strange feeling of double consciousness, as if I had two minds in me.

I told him to rise, and slowly the head came forward, the body straightened, the legs moved, and he got up.

A strange and repulsive idea came over me that the feeling of double consciousness was true; that, in fact, his will had passed into me, and though his muscles obeyed his will, it was subordinate to mine, for it was in me, and so he seemed part of me, and I felt as if his guilt was my guilt.

This idea so shocked me that I drew back from the gigantic upright figure, the monster who seemed part of me, and ran to Mons. Poncard.

He said that it was fancy, and advised me to bathe my head, which I hurriedly did.

I came back feeling calmer, but in no wise relieved of my idea.

I stood opposite to him, took his cold dead hand in mine, and said,

"Do you remember the 3d of February?"

Slowly the jaw opened, and in a harsh, colorless voice came the word "Yes."

"Tell me what you did that day."

In so blundering a way did he begin to speak, and so fiercely did he struggle to keep silent (I felt the struggle, for it seemed to take place in me), that I began to fear I should get no account from him.

"Ask him questions only requiring 'yes' or 'no,'" said the notary.

How his voice startled me! for I became so absorbed in my victim as to have forgotten him.

"Did you quarrel with Mons. Dumont?"

"Yes."

"About cards?"

"Yes."

"You owed him money?"

"Yes."

"Was that all?"

"No."

"Did he find you out in cheating, you scoundrel?" called out the notary.

No answer.

Again and again came the same question.

No answer.

Every one of my questions had been echoed in my breast, and in me was a fierce fight of my will to make him answer, and his to resist.

The notary's question I only seemed to hear with my ears, and there was no mental echo.

Then I put the question, and got the answer "Yes."

Slowly I dragged out the horrid tale, till I came to the question "Did you cut his throat?"

Then came so fierce a struggle in me that I began to fear failure, and faint and exhausted I sank down on a chair.

After ten minutes rest I began again with greater strength, and made him confess.

We then came to the most important questions—

"Had he destroyed the locket?"

No.

"Was it in the house?"

No.

"Where was it?"

It was in vain that I tried at first to get an answer, but after a rest I put the question, and there came the words as if torn out of his and my heart, "Under a stone at Carnac."

Mons. Poncard and I gazed at one another nearly stupefied.

This was the cause of his interest in Carnac; this explained his long late walks. In vain did I try to get from him an intelligible explanation of the position of the stone, he fought every question, and was aided by the fact that it was a difficult thing to explain.

At last, wearied and despairing, I gave up the task.

What was to be done?

We could not convict on a confession so strangely obtained without any corroborative evidence, and a confession which would surely be denied.

To dig up the 1,500 thousand stones would be a herculean task; probably it would not be allowed; and even if it were, he could not be kept under arrest the while.

For some time we thought in vain.

Suddenly I said, 'Let us take him to Carnac with us now, and make him show us the stone."

Straightway we went to his stable, and put his black English mare in the dog-cart.

Mons. Poncard got up behind; I took the reins, and made the murderer sit beside me.

Off we went.

What a drive! through the wild windy night, now almost light as day, and now almost pitch dark, as the black clouds, fast driven by the howling wind, passed in front of the full moon and then fled on again; drawn by the restless mare, sitting in contact with the unconscious monster whose will was now so strangely and horribly tied up in mine.

Rapidly we drove till the mare, who seemed frightened by the wind, bolted.

On we rushed, passing Ploulharnel, flying ourselves like the wind; till suddenly the notary shrieked through the storm, "The wind will be driving the sea over the peninsula! we are lost! give her the reins."

Almost at once the mare knew her master's hand, and quickly did his great strength stop her: then we turned back, came to Ploulharnel, and turned to the left down the road to Carnac.

Three parts of the way had we gone when he pulled up and got down.

Silently we followed.

He fastened up the mare and turned to the left.

His mind seemed to have changed, and instead of opposing me I felt that he had a wild desire, stronger than my own, to see the locket.

Over the glorious red heather he strode, so fast that we had to half run to keep up with him, crushing the beautiful blue gentians which with the red heather made the glorious carpet of the moor; neither to right nor left, nor up nor down, did he look, yet he avoided the stones holes; over the wall of the wild farm three parts of a mile from Carnac Church he leaped, always looking on, as if drawn to his doom by some invisible rope.

At the end of some minutes we came to a solitary dolmen—three large stones standing as if upside down, entered, and turned my lamp's light on the ground.

No sign of earth disturbance.

Then I gazed on him and bade him find the locket.

He pushed me aside, crept in, put his right hand against one side of the roofstone and pushed it slowly up, then stretched his left hand across in front of his face, felt in a hole in the supporting stone, took out something, and dropped the roof.

Half a minute he crouched there before my excitement would let me call him out.

Slowly he came, and there, as I turned the light on his hand, I saw the locket!

Then came a mad idea to me to wake him to show him his detection.

"A rake, monster," I cried, 'and see your fate!"

Then I flashed the light in his face.

Slowly a great weight seemed lifted off my heart, and the life came back to his eyes.

For a moment he was dazed, then his eyes fell on the locket; within yell he leaped forward, knocked me yards away, drew his pistols and fired at each of us.

The false cartridges saved us.

Seeing us unwounded he turned and fled: after him we ran as fast as we could.

Fast though we ran he gained easily, so we stopped and fired, but in vain.

Apparently accustomed to leave his dog-cart in the place in which we had left it, he ran straight towards the spot; he had gained 300 yards and seemed to have escaped, when suddenly he fell, and a fearful oath rang out.

Fearing some trick, we reloaded our pistols and ran on.

There he lay screaming and cursing, his ankle broken: he had caught his foot in a hole and fallen heavily.

Threatening him with our pistols, we handcuffed him and took the locket away. Startled by the pistol-shots, a peasant had come from the neighboring farm, and with his aid we carried him to the dog-cart and drove into the town.

The excitement caused was tremendous, so great that even Paris for some days talked of nothing else, and I found myself famous.

The trial was attended by every one of fashion, and, in accordance with the public interest rather than its difficulty, lasted several days. The last day was certainly exciting. Le Theuff, who had been fighting the evidence, finding the case hopeless, gave a minute confession in court.

He explained that, rejected in a dishonorable suit by Madame Dumont, and fearing exposure of his dishonest play by her husband, he had resolved to murder the banker and throw the suspicion on the friend.

He gave a full account of the way the deed was done, and concluded with a charitable wish for a private interview with me.

The jury found him guilty, and the next day the jailer found him dead: he had taken poison.

The widow did not long resist my client's suit; on the wedding day Mons. Goudin gave me a cheque for twice the sum he had promised.

The name the case earned for me brought so many clients that the position soon became too good for it to be necessary for me to engage in any more such desperate enterprises.

Refused.

BY F. R. NELSON.

YOU can't possibly avoid this party, Theophilus: indeed, I especially desire that you should go to it. Besides, it is high time that you should rid yourself of that lamentable bashfulness which makes you blush and stammer, and become as confused as a school-girl—you, a perfect young Hercules, too!"

It was my mother who spoke.

Dear lady! her idea of Hercules went lengthwise; for though I certainly stood about five-feet-eleven in my stockings, I otherwise had the proportions of an extremely fashionable silk umbrella.

With regard to the party, of course I had to give in; but my acquiescence brought me many a pang of silent and bitter mortification.

The miserable festival proved the climax of a painfully bashful life.

Although I use the word bashful, I know that it is impossible for any one to understand the full significance of the word in its application to my particular case.

No ordinary comprehension of the word can convey an adequate notion of the complaint.

The bashfulness seemed to be an unconquerable horror, an eternal nightmare, that existed only to overwhelm me wherever I went.

Solitude brought no relief, for whenever I sought its seclusion I was troubled by the reflections arising from the weakness and childishness of my public appearances.

The party at the Nolans', to which I had been invited, was the first I had gone to since, as a boy, I had been dragged to a juvenile dance.

My reappearance in society was at first auspicious.

That is to say, I only blushed slightly as I mumbled some sort of greeting to the hostess, and stamped only on one person's toes—those of irascible old Bizzard, the lawyer—as I retired into a shaded corner of the room.

I noticed that Bizzard during the whole evening looked at me with a cross-examining expression of countenance that was very embarrassing.

From the secluded position I took up I managed to get a fair view of the company.

It seemed a very neighborly gathering, but much to my annoyance, there was hardly a face that did not awaken recollections of some awkwardness in my behavior.

Bashful experiences were revived on every hand.

There was that benign and good old lady, Mrs. Babbage, before whom, two days previously, I had visibly retreated round a corner because she was accompanied by two young female acquaintances.

She evidently was justly branding me as a rude fellow.

The severe Mrs. Captain Trunnion I had previously offended years before by making a blockhead, but unconscious, allusion to the doubtful escapade of a brother of hers on 'Change.

The only joke I had ever attempted before the venerable Miss Dowser was a youthful fling at the age of forlorn spinsters.

Three pretty girls—especially Susan Joy—were there, under whose eyes I blushed regularly at church every Sunday morning; a blush that became more vivid when the sun, through the stained-glass windows, brought reflection of blue to my nose. Among the men there was the lawyer, whose toes I had crushed; the editor of the local newspaper, who wouldn't publish my scathing attack upon things in general; the rector, who was sure to floor me with some abstruse question regarding classics; and old Captain Trunnion, whom I was positive I overheard on one occasion call me a milksop.

Fresh embarrassment arose when I heard an old schoolfellow's—Jack Stanner's—name announced.

Jack was a lively, rattling fellow, whom I had not seen for long enough; I knew he was the possessor of a tremendous store of ridiculous reminiscences of early days, when my unhappy sobriquet was "Lobster."

Fortunately, the young lady whom I had the honor of taking in to dinner was very distant and freezing in her manner.

But the relief proceeding from this circumstance was of short duration.

I had just found out, with no little discomfort, that the soup was intensely hot, when the ancient Miss Dowser swept down upon me and flushed my cheeks by a request for salt.

"Oh, Mr. Theo!" she exclaimed, on seeing a little spilt, "isn't it very unlucky to spill salt?"

I muttered something to the effect that I didn't know that there was anything particularly calamitous associated with such an action, but nobody seemed to hear the muffled tones in which I uttered this wise conclusion.

"To spill salt," said Susan Joy, "I have heard, is indeed a very bad omen: what does it portend, Mr. Theo?"

"Addison has a very charming and true essay on the absurdity of such superstitions," heavily remarked the rector. "I presume you remember that excellent work, Theo?"

Attention directed me in this marked manner upset completely the small amount of equanimity I was blessed with. What did I care for salt, superstition, or Addison? Instead of replying, all I could do was to mumble, at the same time inclining my head, as I felt cheeks, forehead, and neck becoming suffused with crimson.

I noticed Jack Stanner's eyes fixed upon me with a curiously comical look, which told that my plight reminded him of earlier days.

My tongue became parched, and great beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead, when I heard his horrid chuckle, and saw him bend to whisper something to the pretty girl at his side, who shook her head reprovingly, but seemed amused.

Jack was occasionally very vulgar.

After that time confusion was complete, and self-possession impossible.

Miss Dowser demanded something or other simultaneously with the lady on my other hand, who requested a different condiment.

Of course I gave the wrong thing to each and in the endeavor to put matters right I upset a decanter.

With a fearful effort to smile at the misfortune, I made a nervous and excited clutch at the thing to stop its ruddy flow from injuring the cloth.

This proceeding brought my elbow into sharp contact with the nose of Miss Dowser, who uttered a shriek as though she had been shot, and startled the whole company, making every man among them glare at me in indignant amazement.

It was a mere trifle.

The injured party didn't even rise from her chair, and Mrs. Nolan tried to pass the incident off as pleasantly as possible.

I was speechless.

Annihilated by confusion and disgrace, my whole body seemed to be burning; my clothes became too small for me, my mouth became as dry as a lime-kiln.

In a sort of spasmodic way I kicked out my right foot under the table.

Great thunder!

A thing that I had thought was a small mat proved to be a vile and vicious terrier, called "Snap," which had sneaked unobserved into the apartment!

The little brute turned upon one of my legs and fixed his teeth in it.

Giving a yell, such as my pent-up misery naturally strengthened, I made for the door.

"Snap" was after me, with a determined hold on one of the tails of my coat, which I had to leave with him as I fled to the hall.

Seeing old Mr. Nolan in pursuit, I shouted an apology for my misfortunes, seized a wrong hat that went down over my ears, and in a moment was out in the open air.

Oh! the relief given by the cold night breeze!

Even in the quandary in which I was placed—torn, pained, ashamed, and disgraced—I found comfort in the keenness of the rushing wind.

I could have broken a hole in the ice and taken a plunge in the Neva, and would have considered it a positive luxury to be gradually frozen to death alone on a drifting iceberg.

On reaching home, I managed to get to my room swiftly and in secret.

Removing my tattered garments, I threw my weary and injured body upon the bed, and moaned and rolled about for hours, during which I more than once was on the verge of weeping, in the acuteness of my vexation.

Slowly, however, I dropped into a troubled slumber, and dreamed that I fell from the top of St. Paul's.

Can anyone imagine it to be possible that I can now look back upon that experience with indifference, yea, almost with amusement?

Such is really the case.

The past, with all its awkward memories, does not raise the slightest blush, not even an inward qualm.

But before telling how this was brought about, I must remark that my ignominious retreat from the Nolans' didn't in the least way interfere with the pleasure of their party.

Indeed, I have a suspicion that my troubles only added a little more to the fun of the evening.

After that night I subjected my unbearable condition to a very searching examination.

Blushing and general bashfulness were carefully scrutinized.

Why did I blush in church?

Why did I blush before girls?

Why did I blush when commended?

Why did I blush before everybody?

Why did I blush when alone?

All this was made a matter for deliberate and minute inquiry.

And, in course of time, the knowledge gradually dawned upon me, as it will under similar circumstances to nineteen-twentieths of those who have a kindred weakness, that the feeling does not spring from any inherent physical trouble, but rather from an intense development of a mental affection, known as self-consciousness.

To find a remedy, let us look upon the world as it unquestionably looks upon us—with indifference.

Every man and every woman has plenty to think about in connection with themselves without troubling themselves about other people's blushes.

A blusher is important only in his own eyes.

It is quite an error to imagine that ev-

ciety is hanging upon our words or watching, with bated breath, our actions.

A grand lesson to learn is how utterly lost our insignificant lives are in the mightiness of the universe, or even in the trifling circles of the social world.

Although at first I had no slight difficulty in giving practical effect to the outcome of my reflections on blushing, I ultimately did succeed in banishing the trouble.

Instead of avoiding company I began to go freely into little coteries of friends, and felt myself unconsciously being drawn into having an interest in their conversation and pastimes.

At first I used to blush very frequently; but then I remembered that nobody cared whether I blushed or not.

The flush was a cause of discomfort to myself alone.

At church and other public places, I might be frequently seen, but on such occasions I steadfastly endeavored to concentrate every attention upon the proceedings, and not upon my personal aspect.

Blushing people may sometimes find a difficulty in this.

I especially tried to keep in the good graces of agreeable and chatty members of the fair sex.

For I can truthfully say from experience that I know of no better company for bashful men.

For non-blushing members of the masculine fraternity such a remark would go without saying.

It took me some time to get rid of the evil, but it has been accomplished at last.

Company and innocent amusement have done it.

I can now walk into any gathering in the most unblushing manner; and can talk with perfect ease to both mammas and daughters.

To such an extent, indeed, did I go with the latter that I actually found myself, one day, proposing to pretty Susan Jay.

No, reader, she isn't looking over my right shoulder just now and whispering, "You darling, stupid, old donkey, what nonsense is that you're writing?"

She refused me point-blank, and married Blithers, of the Horse Artillery, who has two thousand a year and a place called Blitherly Hall.

Nobody knew why Susan took Blithers, if it wasn't for his money.

He was as ugly as a Hottentot, and in manners a thorough Yahoo.

Susan must have been a mercenary creature, and now that I think of it, the jilt wasn't so pretty as she was said to be.

I am almost sure she had a slight squint and a turn up nose.

But it doesn't matter at all, for I soon found a sweeter girl who "hadn't got neither!"

A Gallop for Life.

BY D. KER.

RECENTLY, five young gentleman, staying at Cheyenne Wells, Denver, determined to organise a hunt, as large numbers of buffaloes and other game were reported as being in the vicinity.

They were all well armed and mounted, and from the reports received from ranchmen and cow-boys, a successful raid was predicted by the men at the station.

Riding first to the east, then to the north-east, until they had got about eighteen miles out, they discovered in the distance a cloud of dust, such as a large body of horsemen would make.

One of the party, looking through a field-glass which he carried, readily discovered that the cause was an immense herd of buffaloes sweeping across the plain almost directly towards them.

The hunters galloped on, and were soon quite close to them, when the leaders, observing the party, wheeled suddenly to the left, followed by the whole herd, and swept to the north like some huge avalanche.

The men followed them as closely as they could, getting an occasional shot, but without any material result, for several hours.

Despairing to accomplish more, the hunters scattered, with the intention of encircling them, or at least turning them from their course.

In this they were not successful, as night overtook them before they had "downed a single bull."

It was this separating that gave rise to the adventure related below, and which we shall give in the hunter's own words:—

"I had singled out a buffalo that had become separated from the rest of the herd, and had followed him some distance, when it became too dark to see, and I discovered that I had lost my companions.

"There being nothing else to do, and as it would be impossible to find my way in the dark, I resolved to camp where I was; so, unrolling the hide lariat, I secured my horse to some stout sage brush, and, after making a small fire of grass and brush, rolled myself in my blanket, and prepared to make the best of it, but without much idea of sleep.

"In fact, in spite of the heavy overcoat and blanket which covered me, it was uncomfortably cold.

"I lay for hours in a half-waking, half-dozing state, and it was perhaps midnight before something more like sleep overcame me.

"Suddenly a sound, the most horrible and blood-curdling of any I have ever heard, seemed to chill the very marrow in my bones.

"To my excited imagination it seemed like the shriek of fifty demons.

"Jumping to my feet I discovered that my fire had gone out, leaving but a few embers, and that at a distance of perhaps two hundred feet, nearly forming a complete circle around me, was a line of bright points scintillating like so many diamonds.

"I instantly realized my danger. I was surrounded by wolves.

"To hesitate was death, and, mounting my horse, who was trembling with fright, I drove spurs into him, and we darted off through the only opening in the cordon which nearly surrounded me, and swept across the plains without regard to the direction, my only object being to escape the fangs of my hungry pursuers.

"The wolves as soon as they discovered my flight, with a renewed howl, more full of rage and horror than that which had awakened me, started after me in full cry, and then the terrible race began. At the start I gained considerably, as my horse was a good one, and his fright seemed to add to his lightning speed.

"Miles seemed like feet, and after, perhaps, a half-hour had passed upon looking back I saw that the distance from the foremost of my pursuers was about the same as at the start.

"To keep this distance till daylight seemed my only chance, yet what a hopeless task! No horse could long keep up the terrible strain which mine was enduring.

"Suddenly the faithful animal stumbled over a low sand-dune and fell to his knees, throwing me to the ground.

"In an instant the hungry pack were almost upon me, and I imagined I felt their fangs already buried in my flesh. Fear lent swiftness to my movements, however, and I remounted, and was away again in full flight, just as the leaders were about to pounce upon me.

"My horse soon began to show the effects of his terrible efforts, and, thinking to gain time, I threw away the blanket which I had hastily thrown over the horse at the first alarm.

"This gave me a slight advantage for a time, and no sooner did it touch the ground than it was torn in shreds by the hungry brutes.

"The delay gave me a small advantage, but I soon perceived that I was losing it, and my horse's movements became more labored.

"I next sacrificed my overcoat, then the coat which I wore, and both in turn suffered the fate of the blanket.

"The horse began to show signs of exhaustion, but he still kept his feet; and I realized the fact that in a short time my fate was sealed, unless a miracle was interposed to save me.

"The wolves were already snapping at my horse's heels, when, upon looking up, I saw lights in front of me, perhaps a mile or so distant.

"I endeavored to urge my horse to further efforts, but without avail.

"The poor animal was breathing heavily, and could hardly keep his feet.

"The maddened brutes were jumping and snapping around me, and I had struck several of them down with the butt of my rifle, after having exhausted the ammunition in shooting at them.

"I turned, and found myself a few hundred feet of a house and an inclosure.

"Making a last despairing effort, my horse cleared the fence and fell dead on the inside.

At the same moment several men came out of the door of the house with lanterns, aroused, no doubt, by the unearthly sound the wolves were making.

"I was quickly dragged inside and immediately swooned.

"Upon recovering consciousness it was broad daylight, and I found myself in the cabin of a ranchman, within half a mile of the station whence I had started in the morning, lying on a rude bed, with a man sitting near by and watching me.

"It seems that my horse, guided by instinct, had taken the straightest direction for the place from which we had started. I learned by inquiry that the wolves had surrounded the house all night long, filling the air with their fearful howls, and never departed until daylight."

SAID the practical man, "You can talk all you want about phrenology. I think it is all stuff. The only important bump I ever found on my cranium was here—right in the middle of my forehead—and it was made by a base-ball bat. I concluded to call it the bump of ignorance because I didn't know enough to get out of the way."

Give Them A Chance.

If the thousands and tens of thousands of weak and weary sufferers throughout the land, who, in spite of care and skill, are steadily drifting downwards, could have the benefit of that singularly Vitalizing Treatment now so widely dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, the help, and ease, and comfort it would bring to wasting bodies and depressed spirits would be blessings beyond price. If, reader, you have an invalid wife, or mother, or daughter, or sister, or any one who is under your care or dependent upon you, and to whom life has become a burden through weakness and pain, consider seriously whether you are not bound, in both love and duty, to give this sufferer a chance of recovery, or, at least, the blessing of ease from pain. You are offered the amplest means of information in regard to this new Treatment. If you can examine testimony without prejudice, and can weigh evidence with judgment and discrimination, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen for such proofs in documents and reports of cases as will enable you to fairly examine and decide for yourself. They will be promptly supplied.

New Publications.

"Kitty Kent" is the title of the third issue of "The Young Folks Library." It is a story that all those for whom it is specially written, will be the better for reading. To use the words of the preface it is a story of a girl who was neither all good nor all bad; but partly one, and partly the other. You will see how from her faults her troubles grew; and from her troubles, peace at last. The main purpose of the tale is to help other girls to learn the lesson,—old as the world, new as the last hour's mistaking,—that the only road to Happiness lies through the land of Goodness. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston. 488 pages. Price 25 cents.

The Man from Texas, a Western Romance, by Henry Oldham, just published has the rare merit of taking a firm hold upon the reader from the start. It is a novel that for excitement and absorbing interest will certainly take a front rank among all the romances of the present day, being literally packed with stirring adventures and hairbreadth escapes from beginning to end. It treats of guerrilla warfare in Kansas and Missouri during the closing scenes of the rebellion, and love serves as a potent auxiliary in weaving the tissue of romantic episodes. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

All that can be said of the *Magazine of Art* we have said: it is one of the finest and certainly the cheapest publication of its kind in the world. The August number contains the following articles, the most of which are grandly and numerously illustrated: Among the Missing; The Marvel of the world; A Child's Fancies; Going Round with the Plate; The Austrian Museum. Walks in Surrey; With the Mahdi; Old English Pottery; Stage Royalties; French and Current Art; Notes etc., etc. Cassell & Co., New York. Single number 35 cents. $3.50 per year.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for August: Hickory-Nuts and Butternuts, by Grant Allen; The Ghost of Religion, by Frederic Harrison; Retrogressive Religion, by Herbert Spencer; Some Rambles of a Naturalist; Scientific Philantrophy; The World's Geyser-Regions by A. C. Peale, M. D., illustrated; Reparation to Innocent Convicts; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; My Monkeys; The Salt-Deposits of Western New York; The Morality of Happiness, by Thomas Foster; The Mystic Properties of Numbers; Sketch of Professor Felipe Poey, with portrait; Editor's Table: Science and the Temperance Reform; Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York.

The August number of *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly* is unusually interesting. Among the many articles that call for favorable notice are: On Foot and Four-in-hand in the Tyrol; Costume Portraits in the Paris Salon; At the Whitby Jet Works; Opportunities for Women, by Jenny June; and Ernst Moritz Arndt, Poet and Patriot. Ella Wheeler, Eleanor Kirk, and others contribute excellent stories. The World's Progress, and the various departments are of interest and utility, and the Illustrations excellent. Published at New York.

The *North American Review* for August contains an article by Justice James V. Campbell on The Encroachments of Capital which will command the serious attention of all readers. Richard A. Proctor treats of The Origin of Comets. Are We a Nation of Rascals? is the startling title of an article by John F. Hume, who shows what States, counties, municipalities in the United States have already formally repudiated, or defaulted in the payment of interest on, an amount of bonds and other obligations equal to the sum of the national debt. Judge Edward G. Loring finds a Drift toward Centralization, in the recent judgment of the United States Supreme Court on the power of the Federal Government to issue paper money, and in the opinion of the minority of the same court rendered in the suit for the Arlington property. Julian Hawthorne writes of The American Element in Fiction, and there is a symposium on Prohibition and Persuasion, by Neal Dow and Dr. Dio Lewis. The North American Review, New York.

Arthur's Home Magazine has the following contents for August: Frontispiece: Silver and Gold; To a Nightingale, Illustrated; The Sources of the Jordan, Illustrated; Thorns and Roses, Illustrated; An Epic of the Sea, Illustrated; The Migration of Swallows, Illustrated; In a Vision; A Cup of Tea; August, Illustrated; A Tide in the Affairs of Lydia Ann; Gone to God; Lethe; Loving and Beloved; Getting Along; How Women can Earn Money; etc., etc. The Departments are also filled with excellent matter. Arthur & Son Philadelphia, Publishers.

Lippincott's Magazine for August has a varied and attractive list of contents. The most entertaining article is the first of two or more papers containing Personal Recollections of Charles Reade. The second paper on the Suburbs of New York treats of West Chester and Long Island, and is finely illustrated. An article on Vivisection is by Dr. Albert Leffingwell. A Word from a Woman Against Female Suffrage is pointed and cogent. The second paper on Life in a Russian Province is very readable and interesting, and a short account of the Centennial Postage Stamps, with engraved specimens, has a certain degree of historical value. The fiction of the number is very strong. Miss Tincker's new serial, Aurora is continued, and another, entitled A Trip to Killarney, by [illegible], and Mrs. Bawn and Phyllis, is begun. Some New Thing, is by W. W. Crane. Mr. Carpenter's is a quaint and bright little sketch, and a vivacious account in the form of a Prize Day in a French Public School should not be overlooked. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Phila.

Wide Awake for the August issue furnishes some very excellent reading for its young patrons, illustrated with novel and artistic engravings. Among the articles are: Little Pixy People, The Meadow Princess, The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf; A Modern Kate Barlass; Osito; Polly's Mortification, Our Royal Neighbors at Sandringham; Old School Days; Edward Everett Hale talks about the preliminaries of Presidential Elections, Miss Phelps concludes her serial story, A Brave Girl, with a masterly chapter, Mr. Talbot prepares for some startling turn in Masks Off, and Mr. Brooks takes Ruthie farther on into the mysteries of No-Man's Land. The Chautauqua Department is very rich and full in all its series. $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers Boston, Mass.

The August (midsummer holiday number) of the *Century* is uncommonly attractive in pictures, fiction and anecdotal papers. John Burroughs' fresh woodland and field paper, A Glance at British Wild Flowers, is charmingly illustrated by Alfred Parsons. There are three anecdotal and biographical papers—Chinese Gordon, by W. T. Stead; the Queen of Roumania, Miss Helen Zimmerman, and General Sam Houston, by Alexander Hynds. Portraits embellish these articles. Edith M. Thomas contributes a bright essay on American at Play. Recent Architecture in America, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, and On the Track of Lessee, by Wm. J. Stillman, are finely illustrated. Two new novelettes are introduced—A New England Winter, by Henry James, and A Problematic Character, by H. H. Boyesen. Short stories are contributed by Frank R. Stockton and Ivory Black, and there is a continuation of Mr. Cable's Dr. Sevier. Among the other articles are Work for a Constitutional Convention, by Isaac L. Rice, and Three Dangers to Society—intemperance, divorce and business gambling, by Rev. Washington Gladden. The departments—Topics of the Time, Open Letters, and Bric-a-Brac are well filled with pleasant reading of a varied character. The Century Co., New York, Publishers.

In the August *Manhattan* Ashley W. Cole's description of the Yellowstone National Park is given the place of honor. Several of the illustrations are beautifully engraved, and the paper ought to turn the tide of pilgrims to that wonderland. Ernest Krauth writes of Paul Delaroche and his pupils, as represented in the Walte s Gallery in Baltimore. Lewis Rosenthal has an amusing paper on the French Knowledge of American Literature, Especially Poe. Kate Field publishes the first part of her London Diary, which is sufficiently curious. Francis A. Bartlett von Gluemer carries his Knickerbocker Eyes, to Mexico, and gives the world the benefit of his observations. Julian Hawthorne discusses Emerson as an American. Montgomery Schuyler has a beautifully illustrated paper on the New Produce Exchange in New York. J. Leonard Corning gives interesting particulars of the lives and works of some women artists of the olden time. John Bernard continues with the aid of Lawrence Hutton and Brander Mathews, to give his retrospections of the American stage. The fiction of the number includes the ninth, tenth and eleventh chapters of Trajan, which more than holds its own; Tilly Bones, a characteristic Southern sketch by E. W. Bellamy and a short story by the Marchioness Clara Lanza. It is an excellent number. Published at Temple Court, New York.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Richard A. Saalfield, 12 Bible House, N. Y., the following pieces of music: Blaine's Grand March, by Wagner, which is very effective. Illustrated, with a really fine portrait of the Republican Candidate. Our Plumed Knight Leads the Way Campaign Song, by Harrison Millard. A stirring Republican Song. Leaning o'er the Gate, by Danks, Author of Silver Threads Among the Gold. A really good melody, adapted to pretty and taking words. Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave so Deep, by Skelly. A song which has had an immense sale. The melody is sweet and the words taking. Each of the above pieces retail for 40 cents, at music stores, but the publishers will send the four postpaid for 60 cents.

White, Smith & Co. of Boston have just issued several pieces of campaign music, that are certainly good enough to become popular with all parties. Among them are a stirring song and chorus called: His Name is Jas. G. Blaine, words and music 35 cents; The Grover Cleveland Grand March, a lively composition in six-eight time, 40 cents; The Democratic Choice, grand march by E. H. Baily; 35 cents. Another nice march, by the same house, is The Lieut. A. W. Greeley Grand Rescue March, by E. H. Baily, 35 cents. All can be procured of W. H. Boner & Co., this city.

A MAN was brought before a Paris court not long since for not heeding the law "that no dog should go at large without a muzzle." In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" asked the justice. "Oh," said the defendant, "the act says nothing as to where the muzzle should be placed, and as I know my dog hates a muzzle, I put it on his tail."

DON'T fill the system with quinine, when fever and ague, and malarial fevers, can be much more effectively treated by Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure.

Our Young Folks.

MY GIPSY HERO.

BY P. R. NELSON.

YESTERDAY had been pouring wet, but now, to-day, at six o'clock in the evening, all was fair and bright, and oh, so ruth ully lovely!

Not a cl oud in the sky, a wealth of sunshine rioting over the common, kindling the flowering heather into a rich sheen of glory—a very sea of glory, with the ocean itself twinkling away behind the solemn old wood, to which all the trees seemed to be bowing and bending, as I rode along on its margin.

Hugh and I were motherless; our rambling old home, Briar y Hall had been strangers, a host since, our author, was thrown out never to return there again, still a halo of love seemed to surround us—our father's love.

I do not think he could have been more to us than he was.

A fearless little horsewoman of ten, I rode along on my jet-black pony.

I had ridden away from Hugh, but now I reined in my steed as best I could, dashing along the road, under the shadow of the wood, towards the turbulent river, hard by the gipsy encampment.

Yes, there they were, quite a picture of rude, wild life, these strange, wandering people, all in the glint and glow of evening.

Two huge caravans stood back under the shadow of the trees, a horse hard by still in harness.

A woman washing linen was another figure in the background, as it were, and a man laden with rods, coming out of the gloom and gore of the heathery, furze-stretching common, completed that part of the picture.

In the front were two woe maidens, sitting on the ground, one caressing a doll, I noted, just in the attitude of a real, grown-up mother. Then there were two lads, the one shaping clothes-pegs, as I supposed, with a knife; the other, a merry, rollicking-looking fellow, with a face like a sunbeam, only it was dark and swarthy, holding a small bowl clumsily in his hands.

A man with a dark, handsome face also sat there, near the opening of one of the close, stifling sleeping tents.

Ay, a handsome fellow he was, yet I knew he could scowl if so minded; he likewise held a knife and piece of wood, as did the lad crouching at his feet.

He with the sunbeamy face stood behind him; this boy must be brother to the miniature mother.

I decided also that the man had an evil countenance, as he glanced up at a woman who stood by him, a heavy tub in her hands, as if asking him to help her in some housewifery work. Yes, my eye took it all in as I dashed along, a fair-faced, blue-eyed girl, with brown hair, all aglow with sunlight, streaming behind me, my blue habit and hat a contrast to the green of the woods, my white feather waving in the breeze. I drew rein here, or Prince my pony, might dart, not along the winding road, but straight for the river.

He was a prankish animal, but not vicious, or my father would never have trusted his child on its back.

But now—I never know what—something in a moment frightened him; it might have been the gipsy gathering.

Well, in the twinkling of an eye, he reared, he capered, he span round, I had never known him do so before; I was amazed—bewildered.

I kept my seat and tried to be brave, but he bolted aside, straight for the river, the deep gurgling river, swollen by the late rains. My poor little trembling hands could not turn him aside; I shrieked.

My beseeching eyes caught the gipsies, sitting in the sunlight; but I was borne towards the deep mill-river, the dip-dap of the mill ringing out to me as if in mockery.

But no.

Just on the brink of the stream something grappled with and hung on to the bridle.

I had seen, as in a dream, the sunny-faced gipsy boy drop the bowl and run away.

It was he who stopped my steed, wrestling and panting, and bringing him to reason.

Reason I he shook him off into the river, the spirited brute, and then stood calm and gentle as a lamb, watching him fight his way to shore. He soon landed, shook himself like a prankish dog, and then touched his forelock with saucy grace.

"Were ye frightened, little lady?" he asked, and I told him "yes,,, with lips that trembled still.

"But ye were a little brick, though, not to let the critter throw ye," was his assurance.

"Yes," said I, "but I am sorry you should have gone into the water. How can I thank you?"

"Ye needn't be sorry, and ye needn't thank me—that ain't nothing," replied the bright-faced boy.

"Will your mother be angry with you for getting wet?" I asked, feeling in my pocket for a coin to give him.

"I ain't got no father nor mother—never had."

Something in the boy's tone made my heart quiver, and somehow his gaze went wandering towards the gentle gipsy mother, sitting in the shade with her little ones.

"Life's real hard without father or mother, little lady."

"Yes, I know; my mother is dead," said I, in my sympathy.

"Is she, now? Well, I'm glad I saved ye from the water."

He turned to go, a gentle look in his wild, dark eyes, but I stooped down and thrust a piece of money into his hands.

"I'd not take it missie, but for Enos—he'd beat me black and blue if I didn't."

I saw the fellow by the tent scanning us.

"Haven't you any one to love you?" I questioned, in my girlish pity.

"No, only old Nanny, and she don't love me—ha! ha! I 'spect she's too old. I've got Zillah though—that's my sister—I love her, and she loves me."

A wealth of affection flashed into the boy's eyes as he said this, then he bounded away, and I turned my faulty pony homeward through the wood, where I met Hugh, and told him my adventure.

I rode several times by the gipsy encampment after this, just to have a peep at my dark-eyed friend, always minded to take you with me, because of what might happen; not for me, the brother of Zillah and the woman looked strangely on me, but Enos scowled at me like a dark shadow.

Away in the woods through which the river meandered, these dark-browed folk were accustomed to cut willows for making baskets. We often came upon them, Hugh and I, as we rode through the woods, but one never-to-be-forgotten day we came upon a sad sight, a sort of sequel to my adventure by the river.

A donkey, laden with rods, standing meekly waiting, my gipsy boy lying without motion, and lifeless, as it seemed to us, on the ground, and little Zillah sobbing over him like one broken-hearted.

"He was a-climbing a tree just to see how far he could go, and fell down, and now I think he's dead; and they'll nigh kill him if he isn't, for getting hurt."

This was the sister's story.

"Who will nigh kill him?" asked Hugh, alighting and bending over him.

"Enos and t'other; and Nanny can't save us, 'cause we ain't her children. Oh! I wish we wasn't nobody's children—and we are!" was the girl's lament.

The boy moaned, and Zillah clasped her arms round his neck in rapturous joy, at even this sign of life.

It was coming on to rain, the sodden leaves were letting large drops through upon us as we stood there; something must be done, and done quickly, there was no use in getting wet.

"I know what we must do," said I, for I thought I saw a way of getting out of the difficulty.

"You go on with the donkey and the rods, Zillah, and we'll take your brother home with us, on one of the ponies, and then he'll not be killed if he isn't dead."

I spoke lightly, but tears were in my eyes.

"Oh, bless you, miss, bless you!"

The girl clasped my hand and kissed it.

Then she cried over him, sister fashion, "Oh, Jem, my darling Jem, I know they'll be good to ye!" kissing him; to which he only moaned in reply, and drooped this way and that, as we lifted him on to Hugh's pony.

Then Zillah, with the donkey and rods, went one way, we the other, having as much as we could do between us, to keep our charge in his seat, Hugh walking by the pony's side, I riding close, and steadying him with my hand.

It was a daring thing, this taking home a maimed stranger lad without leave: but then our father loved us so, I do not think he would have said "No," to any kindly scheme of ours.

No; our dear father sheltered him for our sakes, from the drenching rain and his cold, hard lot, in a room in the servant's wing of the house, sent for a doctor, who discovered that he had broken his leg, and received a serious injury in the head, poor boy.

Long, suffering days followed, during which Zillah hovered round the house after nightfall, to know of his state, like a loving sister as she was; and I went and came between our spartan rooms, looking on to the terrace, and I chat of sick Jem's, keeping myself a sister of mercy.

We, my governess and I, had a suite of rooms looking out over the terrace and flower-garden, pretty, bowery apartments.

In one, which used to be my mother's morning room, opening upon a flight of steps leading down from the terrace to the flowers, were costly little gems of ornaments scattered about, which my mother had gathered around her; here we always sat, my governess and I, and called it the school-room.

The door was always bolted at night, but there was no need, seeing it opened upon the terrace and garden.

Well, the time came when Jem was better, and when, clothed in a new suit of clothes, and in his right mind, he came to sit in our pretty schoolroom, and to bask in its beauty, and to grow strong amid our love and care.

This was his conception of what Heaven must be, the Heaven of which I read to him from the Bible, till his eyes filled with tears, a place such as this dainty room, with its garden view of leaves and flowers, the blue sky, and the sunlight, like a golden halo upon all.

No rudeness, no roughness, no want, and yet, I fancied the confinement was just a little irksome to him, that he panted for the wild free life on the common, with its abundance of air and exercise.

"Oh, miss, what do ye think Heaven'll be like if there ain't no common, and no going here and there and no hard work to do?"

This was on the last day of his stay with us—on the morrow he would go back to the gipsy life again.

We were sitting alone on the terrace steps, and I was sad and tremulous with the thought and the doubt, as to whether or not I had really done him any good, and had opened up to him a life truer, fuller, and higher, which he would aim after and finally attain.

"Ah, Jem, eye has not seen nor ear heard what Heaven is like, so the Bible says," I made reply.

And then I repeated those beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans, beginning—

> "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
> Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy"—

at which the poor lad wept.

"And you'll be up there, and Master Hugh; I think I'd not mind the dying, to be up there with you two; and poor little Zillah, she mustn't be left out," said he, with moist eyes.

"And Jesus will be there," I observed, my head bent down on my hands.

"And He'll be chief of all, 'cause He died for us. "I'd a'most die for love, 'cause love is so sweet," he made answer.

And then we talked of other things, and of what was to be on the morrow.

Poor Jem and Zillah, going away in the sunlight together to the common, the old life, hardships and privations!

I wept, I scarce knew why, watching them, and soon it was bed-time, and I lay down and dreamt that Jim was back again, stealing past me in mystery and fear.

Hush!

I was awake.

What was that light? Only the moon shining in on my bed.

But surely, surely two dark figures were gliding through my room, one tall Enos, the gipsy—and Jem, in the new clothes my father had given him.

"Jem, Jem!" I said, half dazed and only partly awake.

But they glided away like two shadows, and then it burst upon me in all its horror what it all meant.

Jem had been in our midst, learnt the secrets of the house, its weakness, its strength, and now had returned to rob us who had sheltered him. And I had failed to do him any good.

At first I tightly held my breath in childish fear.

But the anguish of the thought was more than I could bear, and I cried, "Oh, Jem, Jem!" in such sorrowful accents, that my governess heard me, and came in.

Ah! well, the house was roused; but the robbers had fled—fled with a goodly booty of knick-knacks from our schoolroom, leaving the door wide open.

Scouts were sent here and there—some to the gipsies' camping-ground.

Ah! they had fled.

The common lay still and silent as the grave, the heath slumbering under the moonbeams.

And Jem had been false, had returned evil for good—like a serpent, had bitten the hand that had cherished him back to life.

My girlish heart was broken with sorrow and disappointment.

"Oh, Jem, Jem, I never even dreamt of this!" I moaned to myself all that weary day following.

And Hugh could not comfort me, for he was as sorrowful as I.

But in the evening a laboring man came to my father with the intelligence.

"Please, sir, there's Jem, the gipsy, as you tended, nigh beat to death, and lying in his dirty rags in a ditch yonder."

I heard the man's story, for I was with my father at the front gates.

"Oh, father, father!" I cried, clasping my father's hand, in an agony of tears.

"Have a brave heart, Maggie, and all will be well," said my father, gently putting me from from him, and hurrying away with the man.

Would it ever be all right? I wondered, as I watched them carry him in, a poor, bruised, dirty bundle of humanity and rags; and then the days flowed on, Jem inhabiting his old room again, I going to and fro, tending him in my simplicity. He was soon better, though, and then he told us his story.

How much I hungered to hear it, I never can tell—surely, it was not Jem. I had seen in the moonlight, surely not he.

"No, miss, I thought that night I must have died for ye, when they beat me and beat me, Enos and t'others, 'cause I wouldn't break into your house, nor show 'em the way.

"Yes, I thought I should have died, and, somehow, it seemed rather sweet like, 'cause of the love.

"Oh, yes, 'tis sweet to die for love, like Him as ye told me of."

"Then you never came into the house?" I panted.

"Miss Maggie!" a world of reproach was in the boy's eyes, "'twas young Jube you saw, with my new clothes on, 'cause they'd stripped me.

"I thought ye'd have known me better nor that, Miss Maggie, when I'd have died for love."

* * * * * *

Died for love!

Dear, strong, loving, brave, heroic Jem, he did die for love, fighting side by side with my darling Hugh, in the Crimea, throwing himself before him, and receiving the bayonet thrust aimed at his breast, and dying.

And now I and Zillah, my trusty maid—for the fond little sister crept back to home and shelter with her brother; indeed, the child watched the cruel beating of her brother, and the departure of the caravans, from a high embankment in the woods, overlooking the high road, with all the fragatous delight of a loving little sister—well, I and Zillah sit and talk of our dear boy, in the gloaming of many an evening, and thank God for the gift of love, poured out, without stint, which can be gathered up, and joyed over, because it is all-embracing and eternal.

FREAKS OF NATURE.—A cat had caught a mouse on a lawn and let it go again in her cruel way in order to play with it, when the mouse, inspired by despair and seeing only one hole possibly to escape into, namely the round, red throat of the cat, very wisely made the high her open mouth, took a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and struggled and stuffed herself into her throat, with the result that the cat was suffocated.

There is a negro women in Marietta, Ga., who is gradually turning white—white spots cover her face and other parts of her body. This bleaching process of nature has been going on for some time. The woman is working for one of the best families of the place. She is apparently in good health, and the white spots, which keep enlarging and spreading over her body, cannot be accounted for upon any hypothesis than that she has a peculiar skin disease that is working out this wonderful transformation. It gives her no uneasiness whatever, because it is painless.

A very good spider-and-fly story is told on the authority of Mr. Thomas Bell, the naturalist, who witnessed the act.

"A very strong, loud, blustering fellow of a bluebottle fly bounced accidentally into a spider's web. Down rushed the old spider and threw her long arms around his neck; but he fought and struggled, and blew his drone, and bolted and tore the web into holes, and got loose. The spider would not let go her hold, and the fly flew away with the spider."

When snakes are shedding their skins they will not eat at all, as they go blind, and a snake will not drink anything it cannot see.

When they are about to shed their skins they give a great blow at their mouths and this loosens their skins, and it comes off from the head and they crawl out.

Then they are very hungry and will eat anything. Some snakes won't eat in the daytime; others won't eat when there is a crowd looking on.

In the "Travels in Spain," by the Marquis of Zangle, he speaks of a parrot that retained a quantity of things—an incredible number of stories and anecdotes—which it related and articulated without any hesitation.

It spoke Spanish, murdered French, knew some verses of Racine, could say grace, repeat the fable of the crow, and count thirty hours.

They dared scarcely to hang its cage at the windows, for when it was there and the weather was fine the parrot talked ceaselessly.

It said everything it knew, apostrophized all passers-by, except women, and talked politics.

To one of these birds Prince Leon owed his life. He had been condemned to death by the father, and the parrot took it so much to heart, he kept repeating:

"Alas, my master Leon!"

And the sorrow of the bird made such an impression on the brutal father that he released his son.

A vessel has brought North quite a curiosity. It is a double turtle; or, in other words, two turtles connected, a la Siamese twins. The animals are joined together at their extremities, and where the connection is made the fleshy part is nearly as thick as at any other portion of the body. There are two separate, nearly circular shells on the back, and at each extremity of the combined animal a little head projects, while there are three legs on a side, making six in all.

A TOO WILLING YOUNG MAN.—"Do you love me as dearly as men have ever loved women?" said Mabel, finding an easy access for her cheek about the height of his vest pocket and the length of his coat shoulder.

"More," said George, with waning enthusiasm, for this was about the 21th encore to which he had responded since 8 o'clock. "More, far more dearly. Oh, ever so much more."

"Would you," she went on, and there was a tremulous impressiveness in her voice that warned the young man that the star was going to leave her lines and spring something new on the house; "would you be willing to work and wait for me as Rachel waited at the well, seven long years?"

"Seven!" he cried in a burst of genuine devotion. "Seven! Aye, gladly! Yes, and more! Even until seventy times seven! Let's make it seventy, anyhow, and prove my devotion!" She quietly left the room.

"You can't bully me," said one gentleman to another, on the street the other day. "You can't cow me," said gentleman No. 2 to gentleman No. 1.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

DEAD HOPES

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

We launched our hopes in the long ago,
  Or ever we wist what life would be,
Like nutshell boats on the stream's swift flow,
  With sail and pennon floating free;
They drifted down by lawn and lea,
  They drifted into the golden south:
But how many reached the brimming sea,
  And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

In the idle hours of the noon-day glow,
  We built in pride and hopeful glee
Tall chateaus in Spain, row after row,
  Master-builders I wis were we:
And Time—the pitiless wizard he—
  Touched our castles, and knew no ruth,
And they faded like dew-mist silently—
  And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

"I will be loyal!" we sang, heighe!
  We carved one name on pale and tree;
We courted the god of the fatal bow
  With service fair and bended knee;
We knew but one divinity,
(Oh, laughing eyes, and rose-red mouth!)
  But which of us won the bright ladye,
And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

ENVOY.

Prince, we wasted the golden hours, I trow,
  Ere we woke from the dream and knew the truth,
Little it boots to wonder now
  Where are the dear dead hopes of youth.

THE WORK OF CHANCE.

NEWTON owed his great discovery of the attraction of gravitation to the chance falling of an apple, which set his mind going to discover why it fell down, and not up.

And we may well imagine the astonishment of those Venetian marines gazing in wonder at the liquid stream of glass flowing from their fires on the beach.

Two little children of a spectacle-maker, playing outside the door of their father's shop in Holland, with two of his glasses suddenly found that the steeple of the distant church was brought seemingly near to the eye, and the telescope was thus discovered.

But for this accident we should not now have so intimate a knowledge of the mighty bodies in the celestial firmament.

At the present day electricity has become a necessity of every-day existence, but had not Madame Galvani been attacked by that severe cold in 1790, the electric telegraph might yet be a thing of the future.

The good lady, instead of putting her feet in mustard and water, and dosing herself with spirits of nitre, was ordered to take a bowl of frog soup.

Those who have tasted that delicious preparation may not have known that the hind legs of the frog are used for making soup, and the mere chance of hanging the legs by copper hooks from an iron rail, caused the crural nerves to contract as if endowed with life, and the electric current was discovered.

Galvani, it must be said, merely considered the reptile as an animated Leyden jar, and it was left to Volta, in 1800, to attach the right importance to the action of the frog's legs.

We are not told whether Madame Galvani's cold got better, but we simply hope, in common gratitude, that it did.

The steam-engine we see coursing along the railroads which now intersect every civilized country, owes many of its improvement—if, indeed, it does not owe its origin—to chance.

Captain Savery's mind had long been occupied endeavoring to procure a mechanical means of superseding hand labor in difficult places, but he was indebted to a freak in Florence, in which an empty wine bottle was flung into the fire, for the idea from which he developed his steam-engine.

Hastily snatching the heated bottle from the fire, he plunged it neck foremost into a basin of cold water, and was delighted to find a vacuum had been created, and the water rushed in, half filling the bottle.

Newcomen's engine, in 1805, was, no doubt, considered a marvel of perfection, but Nature, smiling at man's littleness, by accident revealed another of her hidden wonders.

One morning Newcomen woke up gratified at the great success of his noisy, clattering engine, but before another day had dawned this marvel of perfection was looked upon as incomplete and clumsy, and despised accordingly.

His system, as most of our readers are no doubt aware, was to condense the steam by pouring cold water on the outside of the cylinder.

The workmen stopped the engine to go to dinner, and Newcomen, looking about his factory to see that all was right, suddenly, to his great surprise, sees the engine start off at full speed, and, after a few moments, as mysteriously stop.

On examining the piston, it was found that a jet of water had made its way inside through a small hole and effectively condensed the steam within, and thenceforward cold water was applied internally instead of externally.

But this engine, improved as it was, still required improving to make it automatic. One of Newcomen's "cockboys," Humphrey Potter by name, whose duty it was at stated intervals to admit this jet by turning a cock, felt his task irksome and monotonous when the merry voices of his playmates at play in the fields outside rang in his ears.

Why should he stop inside turning that tiresome old cock, when a piece of string joining this and that would do just as well? Potter ties the string, and Newcomen's engine is for the first time made automatic.

We never hear hear again of Humphrey Potter as an inventor, but his mode of arraging the strings certainly earned for him his extra hours of boyish amusement.

This is not the only case where the inherent love of fun and mischief in a boy has brought about a great discovery.

Argand, senior, is in his laboratory trying hard to solve the problem of how to make a lamp give a clear, smokeless flame.

The dull flame gives out black smoke, do what he will, and the man of thought is in despair.

His mischievous son, playing among his father's retorts and crucibles, is putting an empty flower-pot, out of which the bottom is knocked, over everything he sees.

His father's back is turned for a moment, and down comes the flower-pot upon the flame.

Suddenly the room is illuminated by a bright, white light, and Argand's troubles are at an end.

Grains of Gold.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Avarice starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead.

It is hard to be poor, but to be ashamed of it, is putting salt on a sore.

One man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.

A step in the right direction—One that takes a man homeward at night.

Vivacity in youth is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dulness.

To conceal a fault by a lie has been said to be substituting a hole for a stain.

Learned men are never anxious to seem learned to others, and to be called wise.

Treat servants as you would like to be treated yourself, were you in their place.

Ask thyself daily to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition.

Let your inclination be to those who advise rather than to those who praise your conduct.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has spoken.

When is the time to show your friendship for a man if it isn't when he has made a mistake?

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity generally ends in shame.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions.

Conscience is the great ally of reason; the two are what give to man the dignity and importance which he possesses.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the face.

Do you know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well?

The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

There is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is no addition to their comfort.

Unlimited severity of judgment, without investigation, is a violation of the law of right, often worse than the fault you are condemning.

Like most garments, everything in life has a right and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and, by turning it round, find trouble on the other side.

Femininities.

The question is, which will call a man the quickest—a horn or a belle?

A lady in Camden calls her cat "Jealousy," because he's a green-eyed monster.

Sweet little friendships that exchange chewing-gums, do not survive long after graduation.

The name of a girl at Phœnix, Arizona, is "Fan Rose Beauty Spot Temptation Touch Me Not."

Many a young girl has for her steady company a young man who is notoriously unsteady.

"I object," said a wit at a party, "to the ladies baring arms, because they load them so with powder."

A girl pupil in the drawing class of an Omaha convent school was punished for banging the hair of St. Cecilia.

"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep," is the title of a new song. It might work all right with some men, but it would wake us right up.

The condor of the Andes is said to kill its prey with its bill, and the milliners are trying the same game on the married men.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Podsnap, "I don't believe in the extension of woman's suffrage at all—she suffers enough now."

The young women of Schenectady have resolved to "gilcott" any young man that smokes or goes out of the theatre between the acts.

He had just hinted that he could not spare the time to take her to a pic-nic. "Oh, I see," she responded, coldly, "time is money."

If women were allowed the right of suffrage, not one of them would sell her vote for a plate of ice-cream. No—emphatically not; they'd want at least a quart.

Female conductors are employed now on the Valparaiso, Chili, street-cars. In Santiago female conductors are stated to have been a success for some time past.

People in love don't feel the heat like ordinary mortals. At least it appears so; for when it is too warm to even drink ice water, a girl can stand a great amount of hugging.

Different ways of looking at it: He—"Sometimes I envy a dog. Never has to dress or undress." She—"Mercy me! The idea of one having always to wear the same dress!"

"I don't think the photograph does me justice," said the actress. "Certainly not," replied the artist; "how many actresses would come to me for photographs, do you think, if I did them justice?"

"No," said Mrs. Jones, proprietress of the Marine Villa, Villasville-on-the-coast; "no, we ain't got no malaria, but my daughter Sally makes lemon pies which can't be beat nowhere round these parts."

"I should think you would need a military guard to keep the young men away," said a citizen to the father of six marriageable daughters. "O, I'm a very good foot soldier myself," was the cheerful reply.

Domestic unanimity: "It is a beautiful thing to see a husband and wife of one mind," remarked Mrs. Fogg. "Yes," replied Fogg; "but then it makes a good deal of difference who carries the mind."

Mrs. Nellie Engelman, living near New Windsor, Indiana, on her seventy-fifth birthday, which occurred a few days ago, finished a quilt which contained 3,863 pieces. The quilt was begun last March.

A girl, whose father had been caught in a mine explosion in Virginia, offered to marry the man who would get him out, but no one accepted her offer. This shows how much more heroic a woman is than a man.

The summer offers great inducements to lovers. There are pic-nics, excursions, parks, front-door courtships, pleasure strolls, ice cream, and, better still, they have a chance to see all the styles of baby coaches.

A well-known doctor gives this advice to ladies: "Thirty deep inspirations taken every morning in a pure atmosphere, and no lacing, will do more for the color of your cheeks than a tumbler of chalybeate or a dose of iron pills."

Herbert Spencer, with all his philosophy and fine figures of speech, is only a man after all. He declares that he will never marry a woman who is "convex in the back, concave in the bosom, and sentimentally drooping in the shoulders."

A health journal says: "Half the sore throats that people suffer with come from breathing through the mouth. The secret of health, as well as of happiness, lies in the admonition, 'Keep your mouth shut.'" Cut this out and paste in your wife's scrap-book.

A female burglar was recently arrested in a concert hall in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. She was provided with skeleton keys and a "jimmy," concealed beneath her clothes, and a quantity of other burglarious implements were found at her lodgings, as well as stolen property.

Indispensable as ladies are in any well-regulated marriage ceremony, it is not often that one of them occupies the position of officiating clergyman at a wedding. A couple of members of the Society of Friends were married a few days since at Columbus, Ohio, by Mrs. L. G. Romick, the "Evangelist."

In one of the new girls' schools: The inspector arrives to make an examination. "I wish to have the best-informed young lady come to the blackboard," he says, solemnly. No one moves. "Then," says he, gracefully, "I should like the prettiest one to come. Every one of them started for the blackboard.

"And so your daughter is in the academy? How does she get along?" "Splendidly; she is studying all the higher branches." "Is she studying the languages?" "Oh, yes; she has nearly completed the language of flowers, and is now engaged in the language of perfumes. My, what an education that girl will have when she gets through!"

News Notes.

Homer was a beggar.

Terence, the dramatist, was a slave.

A crematory will be built in New York next fall.

New York's various prisons have now 16,000 convicts.

Fargo, Dak., has 28 hotels and only 10,000 inhabitants.

California produces 100,000 boxes of raisins every year.

Brooklyn has this year issued licenses for nearly 5,000 dogs.

New York girls of the period drink goat's milk for the complexion.

A Geneva organ-grinder has left a fortune of $14,000 to his heirs.

Over $750,000 was paid last year as duty on patent medicines in England.

At least 20 food-reform societies are now in a flourishing condition in England.

The mania for collections in London has extended to decks of old playing-cards.

China will shortly build its first railway, which will connect Pekin with Tien Tsin.

Alfred Mace, son of Jem Mace, the pugilist, is holding evangelical services in London.

The town of Tunbridge, Dak., celebrated the Fourth of July by hanging six horse thieves.

In St. Louis, says one of its newspapers, four-fifths of the inhabitants have taken to chewing gum.

A man in North Tisbury, Mass., says he has recently drawn up eighty-nine snakes from his well.

Foreigners own 20,647,000 acres of land in this country, almost wholly in the West and Southwest.

Louisiana has school accommodations for only 75,000 children, though there are 250,000 in the State.

Newfoundland, which is one-sixth larger than Ireland, has a scanty population of only 200,000 souls.

It is calculated that no less than 300,000 women steer canal boats in Southern and Middle England.

The British Admiralty has decided that colored men cannot enter the navy without special permission.

One of the most laudable public measures in France is the bordering of all public roads with trees.

A gun weighing 212,000 pounds has been successfully cast at South Boston, Mass., for the Government.

There were 1104 miles of railroads built in this country during the past six months of the present year.

Penny dinners for school children have been instituted under the direction of the London School Board.

In New York eight veterans of the War of 1812 celebrated Independence Day by having a parade and dinner.

One hundred and twenty-nine life convicts have entered the prison in Joliet, Ill., since 1858, and 63 are still there.

Twenty-one thousand widows of soldiers of the War of 1812 are stated to be still drawing pensions from the Government.

English farmers, it is said, now offer six cents per dozen for sparrows' heads, and the same price per dozen for their eggs.

A fashionable young lady in New York has had her hair tinted a beautiful chestnut color to match her saddle-horse's mane.

The old custom of ringing the Curfew bell at 9 o'clock, which still survives in many New England towns, has been introduced at Oakland, California.

An old Amsterdam, N. Y., merchant was thrown so violently to the sidewalk a day or two ago, by stepping on a banana-skin, that his recovery is doubtful.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have had a fondness for boiled sea gulls, quince cheese and barnacle jelly—dainties unknown to the 19th century bill of fare.

According to a Colorado paper, Midland's population consists of two families and a couple of dogs, and yet the city has a newspaper. There's enterprise for you.

The latest dime novel freak is that of three boys of respectable families near Rutland, Vt., who who put on masks and tried to rob a neighbor while he was returning from town.

Pat Malloy, known to all the world from the song bearing his name, died recently in Louisville. He was a railroad man, and remarkable for his wit and genial disposition.

The latest device of the London dude is to wear a lace cravat and a waistcoat, which, going down on the hips, is called the swashbill—a name borrowed from the corset most affected by society women.

George W. Alexander, a stock-raiser near Vincennes, Indiana, was gored through the breast by a Jersey bull and carried about the lot on the horns of the infuriated animal, receiving fatal injuries.

The wings of the common fly, according to Paul Mayo, of Lausanne, Switzerland, vibrate at the rate of 330 strokes per second, while during the same time those of the mosquito make about two thousand.

A Brooklyn man, who was angered by his wife's neglect to mend his pantaloons, hung them out of a front window of his residence, with a placard on them stating that fact, and ascribing it to laziness on her part.

Three Sweethearts.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

THOUGH I am, I suppose, an old maid, I take much interest in other people's love affairs.

My friends know and humor this little weakness, and consequently in the course of twenty years or so I have collected a large number of love-stories.

They are of all kinds—sad, joyful, touching, absurd, sentimental, or eccentric. But perhaps the oddest of them all is the one I am about to relate.

The reasons which decided me to spend a twelvemonth in a certain little Aberdeenshire village, unknown to common ken, need not be entered into here.

I had a cottage to myself, and one maid-servant, by name Mary Duthie.

And what a pretty creature she was, with her golden hair and big grey eyes, and tall supple figure.

It was a real pleasure to see her at her work, in her spotless lilac gown and tucked-up sleeves, and to watch the fascinating, unconscious grace with which she did the simplest thing.

I am afraid I spoiled that girl.

She was engaged to Jem Leslie, a farmer's son, who nearly worried the life out of her by his jealousy—for which I suspect he had sometimes cause.

The two quarrelled nearly every Sabbath, but always made it up again in the course of the week; so that I was by no means surprised when Mary informed me one day that she had broken off with Jem Leslie for ever, but very much astonished indeed to hear a few weeks later, that she had promised herself to Peter Mackey.

"Well, Mary," I said to her, "I do not wish to interniddle with love-affairs, but I must say that I think Jem the better man of the two."

But Mary tossed her pretty head and remarked with reference to her rejected lover, that "she was weary o' the creature's havers, an' had jist tauld him that he needna' fash himsel' aboot her ony mair, for she could e'en tak' care o' her ain sel'."

Peter Mackey, she told me, was about to start for Aberdeen, a well-to-do uncle having found a good situation for him there.

I knew something of Mr. Peter, as he was my landlord's only son.

He was a tall handsome young fellow, with a "gweed aneuch heid," as his father used to say, but an all-too-susceptible heart.

A pretty face captivated him directly, though his attachments were generally more violent than lasting.

I had made up my mind that he would marry Jeanie Saunderson, a handsome enough lassie, a good housekeeper, and an heiress in a small way; but Jeanie had left five or six months ago for London, to visit an infirm aunt, and now Peter was engaged to Mary Duthie.

I was vexed about the whole affair, especially as I sympathized with poor Jem Leslie. Yet certainly it was no concern of mine.

I do not think that Mary ever received any love-letters from Aberdeen.

It was not the fashion in her village in those days for lovers to correspond.

But she always wore round her neck half of the sixpence which Peter had broken with her, so that I began to be quite in despair for my favorite Jem.

But after three months or so from Peter Mackey's departure for Aberdeen, some little incidents occurred which showed up that young man in his true light.

The first of these events was the return of Jeanie Saunderson from London, and a visit paid by her to her old acquaintance, Mary Duthie.

The two girls had not been together more than a quarter of an hour, when sounds of violent weeping proceeded from the kitchen.

Hastening in to see what was the matter, I found Jeanie and Mary mingling their tears over some letters which lay on the table.

Jeanie greeted me respectfully, and on my enquiring the cause of their grief, handed me a letter, saying:

"Will ye be pleased to read that, mem?"

It was an effusion of Peter Mackey's, dated nine months back.

It began—

"My dearest Jeanie," spoke of the writer's unalterable affection, reminded Jeanie of her promise to become his wife as soon as he should be able to provide a suitable home for her, and was signed,

"Your own Patie."

I must confess that my first feeling on reading this, was one of satisfaction at my own discernment.

"So you were engaged after all," I remarked; "but why was nothing said about it, and why was it broken off?"

"Oo," said Jeanie, looking at me indignantly, "Patie just asked me to be his wife the vera day before I sailed, so there wasna muckle time to let it be known. And as for 'is being 'broken off,' it's Patie ye must speir at aboot that, for I never heard tell o't till this day. Eh! but men are deceivers! But that's no' the warst o't, mem! Mary give the lady Mrs. Birket's letter."

Mrs. Birket, it appeared, was Peter's landlady in Aberdeen, and had written that morning to Mary Duthie's mother, whom she had known when they were girls together, to ask some particulars of Peter's family and antecedents, as her niece and adopted daughter Mary Hine, was soon to be married to him.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that?" exclaimed Jeanie; "the man must be clean daft!"

I quite agreed with her, for I had never known a man before who was engaged to three women at once.

Doubtless, Peter considered his first two affairs as mere flirtations; still his former sweethearts had in their possession a letter and a pledge which would be evidence against him in a court of law.

But any proceeding of this kind was so foreign to the natures and prejudices of the injured girls, that I did no more than hint at it.

The following morning, Mary asked my permission to go for a day or two to Aberdeen with Jean Saunderson, as they had thought of a plan for bringing their recalcitrant lover to his senses.

"Gin we dinna' mak' Peter think shame to himsel', my name's no' Jeanie Saunderson," were the parting words of that damsel.

Meanwhile, Peter was happy in the society of his (latest) betrothed, who was a very charming girl.

It may be a little to my hero's excuse to remark that few men could have seen her bonny face and listened to her sweet voice evening after evening without falling in love with her.

The susceptible Peter certainly could not; but throwing all old memories to the winds proposed and was accepted.

Such being the state of affairs, Peter's feelings may be imagined when on entering Mrs. Birket's parlor one evening, after his day's work was over, he saw seated by Mary Hine—Mary Duthie and Jeanie Saunderson.

Peter's first impulse was to withdraw hastily, but Mrs. Birket made flight impossible by closing the door, and standing between it and the conscious-stricken youth.

"Just tak' a seat, Mr. Mackey," said she, and the culprit sank into an empty chair, placed at a little distance from the other three ladies.

The situation was awkward in the extreme.

The ladies continued their knitting without glancing at him.

Minute after minute passed, and the silence became intolerable.

Peter could hear the beating of his own heart.

Twice he opened his lips to speak, but no sound issued from them; an icy tremor ran through his frame, and checked his utterance.

I give what follows verbatim, as reported to me by Mary Duthie.

"Weel," said Jeanie Saunderson at last, "Sanna we be sattlin' oor bizness eenoo?"

"Aye, lassies," said Mary Hine, "but that'll be a haird matter, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"Ye see," said Jeanie, taking the initiative, "this Peter Mackey belongs in a manner till's a'. Is na sae?"

"Aye, but we canna a' hae him."

"Just that. Noo, fat think ye, lassies? Sanna we appeal till the law-courts?"

"Mithna we list aet a' richt ano' oorsels?" said Mary Hine. "Foo gin we wus till cast lots for him? We've the warrant of Scripter for that, ye ken."

"Vera gweed," replied the others, and when Mrs. Birket had volunteered herself as one witness, the little servant-girl, Bauble, was called in to be another.

Peter's humiliation was certainly to be complete!

The lot fell on Mary Duthie.

"Peter Mackey," said she, "I ha'e anither string till my bow, so I'll e'en leave ye till Mary Hine or Jeanie; they're maybe wantin' ye mair nor me. But many thanks t' ye for yer kind offer, which I ha'e na forgotten."

Peter was too much subdued to offer a word in his own defence, and the proceedings were renewed.

This time the lot fell to Hine.

"Peter," she said, "I winna' cast up till ye hoo ye ha'e wronged me an' ithers. But this I maun say, a bad lover's no like to mak' a gweed husban', so I'll leave ye to Jeanie, if she's eerin to tak' ye."

"Weel, Patie," said Jeanie, "gin abody refooses ye I maun e'en ha'e ye mysel'. but its on twa condeetions, min' ye. First that we'll be married this day month, an' second that there'll be nae mair o' those ongaens *after* marriage."

The wedding took place in due course, and Peter proved to be a most devoted and obedient husband.

"Ye see, Mary 'oman," said Jeanie one day to Mrs Jem Leslie (formerly Mary Duthie), "gin the gweed man and turn whiles a bit camstrary an' conrizonable, I ha'e but till say till him, 'Weel, Patie, my man, it's a sair peety that Mary Duthie an' Mary Hine refeest ye, sin' the wil ye ha'e gotten diana' suit ye,' an' weel-a-wat or ever the words are weel owre my lips, he's jist as quaet's a lamb."

PUNISHMENT OF DEBTORS.—Whether, during the recent Chinese festival, the gods privileged the commission of acts of barbarity it would be difficult to say, but it is only too certain that the punishment administered to petty debtors has been of the most atrocious description. Only a few days ago a native who had incurred the debt of 200 cash, was caught by his creditors and dragged to the ordinary place for summary punishment, when the modus operandi was first the gouging of his eyes from their sockets, and then depriving the unfortunate fellow of his tongue which was literally rooted out.

WHAT is the greatest curiosity in the world?—A woman's curiosity.

BY THE RIVER.

A little "oh!" and a little "ah!"
And then a little bit of a shiver,
As he caught her close in a warm embrace,
And kissed sweet lips and blushing face
That August night by the river.

A little raising of half-closed lids,
Bright eyes unveiled, then a warm white shoulder
Came peeping out from its nest of lace,
As her arms gave back the last embrace,
And the darkness made her bolder.

A little rustle among the trees—
A sound as some one the twigs were spurning,
Was borne along on the evening breeze—
Then a decided masculine sneeze,
And the scent of tobacco burning.

And the little "obs" and the little "ahs"
Were prudently hushed; and the little shiver
Suppressed by the knowledge that fond papas
Will sometimes walk, with their mild cigars,
On August nights by the river.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

Women's rights—Husbands.

Spring goods—Mineral waters.

Knot-withstanding—Bachelors.

If old wine is good, is elder wine better?

Goes against the grain—The reaping-machine.

The concern that always makes money—The mint.

The artist's adieu to his picture: "You be hanged!"

Why is rheumatism like a great eater? Because it attacks the joints.

Why are hot rolls like caterpillars? Because they make the butter-fly.

What is the most "engaging" work of art? A fashionable young lady.

Man proposes, and the other man—her papa—disposes of him in short order.

Why does a railway ticket agent cut a hole in your ticket? To let you pass through.

A young girl began to sing "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and everybody rushed out to find a mocking bird to listen to.

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went off well—especially the audience.

His name was Bos. He met a friend, and unto him he said: "Since last I gazed upon your face, it's happened that I've wed. But, unlike marriage as a rule, when women suffer loss of name, why I've lost mine instead, for now my wife is Bess."

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Headache,
Toothache,
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BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint,** Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal Pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

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Facetiæ.

A checkmate—A rich husband.

Motto of the gardener—Lettuce plant.

The worse for ware—A careless servant.

What is most likely to become a woman? A little girl.

When is a scheme like the third of a yard? When it's a foot.

The poorest of all relations—Telling a good story badly.

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because he is bound to a-dore.

It is perfectly proper that the boy who is whaled should blubber.

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it's an internal transport.

Which is the most noticeable pair of "tights?" Two drunkards.

A carpenter can seldom be as handsome as his wife, because he is generally a deal planer.

Smoking does not seem to agree with some people, but it always seems to soot the chimney.

Why is a newspaper like the blood of a healthful man? Very much depends on the circulation.

The idler's lazy pun: "I would rather have one day of vacation than a thousand years of vocation.

Why should a clergyman wear good fitting clothes? Because he should never be a man of loose habits.

When does a dog become larger and smaller? When he's let out at night and taken in in the morning.

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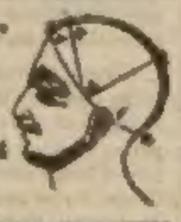

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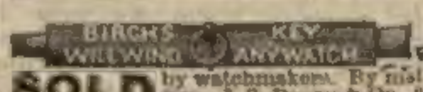

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SOMETHING unique, entirely by itself, is the Persian dress, originated by one or two leading Paris houses for their most fastidious class of customers.

This is worn in the evening and is made of a black lace tissue, which is thickly worked and incrusted with gold, emerald, sapphire, amber and ruby colored beads. Under the gaslight these beads glisten with the brilliancy of gems, and the woman thus attired looks like an Eastern princess out of the "Arabian Nights."

Needless to say that these dresses are not fashionable in the full sense, being, assuredly, not worn by many.

They are an exquisite fancy, monopolized by the few.

The Parisian "elegante" has another form of Oriental garment, of which she is at present much enamored.

This is the Japanese wrapper of light "beige" foulard, embroidered in brilliant and yet subdued colors with birds, flowers, fans, even little tea-tray figures, carrying Japanese parasols or going about daily avocations.

These wrappers are worn in the forenoon, receiving some intimate friends, perhaps, and are accompanied by "beige" silk stockings, embroidered, more or less, to correspond with the dress, and satin slippers worked on the tip.

A "petit rien," as the French lingeres have it,—it is they who manufacture these little ornaments—composed of a knot of gauze ribbon, a bit of Pompadour figured "mousseline de soie," a shell of lace, some other light, diminutive trifle, is worn in the high coiffure, and is supposed to be a sort of apology the breakfast cap which had gone out.

Most coquettish are these small arrangements set a little on one side the head, and giving the coiffure a graceful finishing touch.

It seems to be altogether the opinion that with the present style of coiffure, the high ß on the top of the head, some addition in the way of extraneous ornaments is desirable.

A knot of ribbon (this fashion is again coming in) forms a nice simple finish for the more quiet toilettes, and is worn by young girls and very young women; turbans of tulle by married ladies at balls, aigrettes, flowers, jewels, side combs, fancy pins of shell and metal.

Such is invariably the experience when the hair goes up.

When it is worn low there is no available place for ornament.

A long pin thrust through the coil, a flower worn against the ear; that is about all, in the way of outside adornment, that can be done.

With the high coiffure everything follows—combs, bands, feathers, etc. Traveling and dust cloaks have made great strides forward in the matter of elegance within the past few years.

The pongee or ecru foulard dust cloaks, fitting into the waist behind with a knot of ecru satin, high shouldered, wide sleeves and knots of ecru satin on the front are such an improvement on the linen dusters of a few years since that one can scarcely realize they evoluted from that primitive and anything but attractive and picturesque garment.

The traveling cloaks of a light quality of cloth, or cloths of cashmere, having changed so little since last year that there is nothing new to be said of them.

They are lined with changeable striped or checkered surahs, when most expensive and elegant.

They have always the wide sleeves that slip off so easily, and they are often finished high in the throat with a ruffle lined with the surah; knots of ribbon are set against the back, over the tournure, and at the throat and on the sleeves.

One of the nicest traveling cloaks, we have seen was of pale gray cloth, very thin and light, lined with changeable gray silk, plaited into wide side plaits in front, and caught to the waist behind with a wide ribbon and knot of garnet velvet fastened by a large silver buckle.

Of recent dresses here are a number seen at one or two watering places and fashionable hotels: Costume of "beige" veiling, the skirt plaited very fine; draped polonaise of brocaded veiling, small red flowers on a "beige" ground; light tan Suede gloves, parasol of changeable red and ecru silk, high-crowned hat of fancy straw lined with red velvet, and having a bunch of poppies and grasses in front.

Dress of garnet foulard with large white polka dot, skirt of plain garnet foulard edged with deep border of white embroidery on vest, foulard and lace together laid into side plaits; very long overdress of polka dotted foulard giving the effect, with the polka dotted bodice, of a voluminous polonaise.

The front of the overdress is crossed high towards the left hip with broad bands of embroidery; plaited petticoat showing up the side; embroidery crossing all round the back drapery, the latter caught up to form two short ends on edge of basque, loose polka dotted drapery carried from the left hip, where the overdress separates, to the throat; high-standing collar and cuffs of plain foulard, covered with embroidered net.

Costume of pale gray sateen, front with a high, close side-plaiting flowing into a broad organ-plaited ran at the bottom, underneath a puff, and below again a box-plaited flounce; flounce and puff trimming the skirt all around; polonaise of figured sateen, pale tea roses on gray ground, long points opening over the fan-shaped front, full back puffing, with points of drapery brought up over the bustle.

Loose drapery of plain gray sateen coming from the throat, and then turning over the hips, to form a panier.

Garden hat of coarse gray guipure, high in the crown, bunch of field flowers and mushrooms in front.

Toilet of changeable gray and red taffeta; deep valance of white embroidery or net, the figures outlined with red thread, on the foot of the skirt; full paniers and back drapery; large rosettes of red velvet ribbon on sides; bodice of taffeta, plain and pointed back and front, large fichu of embroidered net crossed over the vest, passing round the hips, and tied behind.

Small bonnet of gray chip, trimming of red embroidered tulle over front, large cluster of red geranium half veiled by the same.

Toilet of black ottoman, front cut into rows of blunt points, each edged with a jet drop.

Visite of ottoman with trimmings of Spanish lace and jet and gilt fringe, large hat of black Spanish lace, rows of the same tucked down over the crown, bunch of three black feathers, long gilt and jet ornaments, narrow gold galloon, beaded with jet along the brim.

Dress of ecru ottanise, or canvas, plaited skirt, round waist shirred surplice fashion, overdress short in front, caught high on the hips, draped low behind, broad red checked satin and faille sash around waist, and tied with very long ends in the back.

Red silk parasol, ecru Suede gloves, bonnet of gold canvas with red tulle draped over the same, and poppies and wheat in front.

Costume of gray veiling over flat plain skirt of surah to match, a fluff of pink ruffings of surah at foot, veiling skirt perfectly plain except for an embroidered scallop falling above the ruffings aforesaid.

This veiling skirt plaited in the waist and hanging without drapery: scarf of veiling hanging over hips and lightly caught up behind; pointed bodice, with neck cut square, and laced from thence to point over fichu of gray surah, white tulle folded inside the same.

Walking dress of dark blue wool, box plaited skirt, trail of the same color brocaded with small red plush designs resembling thimbles, bodice of the latter material, with plastron crossed in three places by bands of blue velvet, fastened to the centre by small steel buckles.

"Flamingo" silk sun umbrella, high-crowned black straw hat, with knot in four shades of ottoman ribbon in front—blue, green, red and brown.

A costume of white flannel, with black silk galloon, very narrow, running up the box-plaits of the skirt in three rows; overdress, rounded in front, with straps of wider galloon, set on diagonally, forming a trimming all around the edge, the straps, perhaps, six inches in length: the same finish on both sides of the long square back drapery, and again set down the front of the pointed bodice in inclined rows on either side of the small buttons, so as to form a succession of V-shaped lines.

Fireside Chat.

LARDING AND BONING.

LARDING is one of the advanced operations in cookery. It is performed by cooks who are adepts at their business, and who bring a light heart and a skilled hand to their work.

When we hear a young cook say "I can lard," we feel as we do when we hear a young lady artist say "I sketch from nature," or a young musician say "I play music at sight:" that is, we know we are in the presence of an individual who has made progress in her art, and we feel respectful accordingly.

Cooks who have never tried to lard feel, when conversing with those who are accustomed to lard, as occasion arises, humble and lowly-minded, as before a superior who has attained to heights of proficiency inaccessible except to the initiated.

Would it be possible to convey an idea of larding by means of descriptive words? I do not see that there need be any difficulty about the matter.

If the girls of our cookery class will pay attention and try to comprehend, I will endeavor to make the subject clear, and let us hope that we shall arrive at a satisfactory understanding.

Fortunately for both sides, it is not so much clearness of expression or quickness of perception that is required here, as practice.

The theory of larding is simple enough. It is the process of inserting slips of bacon, called lardons, into lean meat, by means of a larding-needle—that is, a piece of wire pointed at one end and split at the other.

The operation is supposed, and rightly, to improve certain meats in appearance, and to render those which would otherwise be dry and tasteless, decidedly succulent and juicy.

Nearly all lean meat may be larded with advantage; but the breasts of dry white birds are most frequently selected for the purpose.

Sometimes truffles, slices of tongue, ham, fillets of anchovies, and pieces of fat meat are employed instead of bacon, but bacon is most usual.

It should, however, be cured according to a special method—that is, without saltpetre; otherwise a red tinge may be imparted to the meat.

Larding bacon is sold by many dealers, or the bacon required may be prepared at home.

The following is the celebrated Miss Acton's recipe for the preparation of bacon for larding:

"Cut the bacon (say 14 lbs.) from the pig with as little lean to it as may be. Rub it well in every part with salt (14 ozs.) which has been dried, reduced to powder and sifted.

"Put the layers of bacon close against and upon each other in a shallow wooden trough, and set in a cool, but not damp cellar.

Add more salt all round the bacon, and lay on a board, with a very heavy weight upon it. Let it remain six weeks. Then hang in a dry, airy place."

The first thing to be done in larding is to prepare the lardons.

The bacon is best taken from the back, and that which lies nearest the rind is the firmest.

The length and thickness of the lardons must be determined by the use to which they are to be put.

Thus for birds, hares, etc., the bacon should be two inches long and an eighth of an inch square.

For small pieces of meat, sweetbreads, and fillets of game or poultry, they should be an inch and a quarter long and an eighth of an inch square.

Sometimes meat is larded in the centre instead of on the surface, the larding-needle being put right through the meat, leaving the ends just out of sight.

In this case the lardons must be a little less wide than the meat they are intended to enrich.

The method of cutting the lardons may be thus described:

Lay the block of bacon cut to the requisite width, on the table, the rind underneath.

Press it flat; then with a sharp knife cut slices across, parallel to the rind, an eighth of an inch apart; press these close together, then cut slice downwards, also an eighth of an inch apart, thus making every piece of bacon the same size.

Years ago I heard a learned lecturer on cookery say that larding was very much like rug-work—anybody who could do one could accomplish the other.

This is quite true. The stitches in both are very similar.

Just as you take up the threads of canvas in one case, so you take up with the larding-needle as much of the flesh as will hold the bacon firmly, and draw the needle through.

The pieces of bacon are laid into the ends of the larding-needle one at a time, and they must only be drawn through far enough to leave the ends even at each side, when they must be freed from the needle and left in the meat.

The stitches, too, must be taken at regular intervals, in lines which intersect each other.

Thus the first stitch of the second row must be put on a line a little distance away from the first row, but not opposite the stitch of the first line—rather opposite the space between the two first stitches.

The perfection of larding depends in a great measure upon its regularity; yet, as I said before, skill in accomplishing this can only be obtained by practice. I do not think it is possible for a girl to lard properly the first time she tries.

There are little movements of the needle which can only be gained by experience; therefore, let no girl be disheartened if she fail the first time. Perseverance will ensure success.

It is a great point in larding to have the bacon firm and hard. If it is soft, it drags or breaks, and then the meat looks very untidy.

On this account it is well to perform the operation in a cool place, and handle the bacon as little as possible. It is usual for cooks to dip the breasts of poultry into boiling water for a minute, in order to make the flesh firm, and this is a good plan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

ALBERT.—We think a young lady would much prefer an engagement ring to a watch, because the latter could always be obtained but the former could not.

T. T.—A young person's pulse, in good health, should beat about ninety-five per minute; but after meals or taking a glass or two of wine it increases considerably.

TROY.—The words vocation and avocation are not synonymous. Vocation means a person's occupation, or business; an avocation is something that calls him away from his vocation.

NEGLECTED.—If your married sister, being unable on account of ill health to look after her own children, wishes your assistance, you should give it, provided her husband also desires it; not otherwise.

WOLPHALL.—German silver derives its name from the fact that its first introduction into the arts, to any great extent, was made in Germany. It does not contain a particle of real silver, being an alloy of copper, nickel, and zinc.

PUPIL.—Emma signifies "a nurse:" Alice, "noble maiden:" Constance, "constancy:" Emily, "winning in manner:" Mary, "bitterness:" Beatrix, "making blest:" Charles, "valiant, strong:" Hugh, "power, might."

TWEEDLE.—The phrase, "As mad as a hatter, owes its origin to that "As mad as a atter:" the word "atter" being the Saxon for "adder," the poisonous serpent, called a "nadder" in German. "Hatter" is only a corruption of the old word.

J. B.—"Utopia" was an imaginary island, represented by Sir Thomas More, in his book by that name, which enjoyed the greatest perfection in politics, laws, and the like. The word you send us is probably derived from this, but you have misquoted it.

F. WARWICK.—The question you really ask is whether you ought to choose your own wife, or allow your parents to choose for you. Having reached the age of 28, you ought certainly to exercise your own discretion; not to do so would be simply weakness.

CAMELIA.—In playing a strict game of draughts, the rule is to "touch and move." But many persons start with the understanding that another piece may be moved if the finger has not been withdrawn, and in this case that a piece may even be moved back.

E. R. S.—Modern almanac makers differ on giving the dates of this period. Some reckon the dog days from July 24 to August 24, and some from July 3 to August 11. 2. "Dog days" were so called because Sirius, the dog-star, rises with the sun during a certain period of the year.

VINZINZE.—Such a marriage would not lead to happiness on either side, and nothing underhand nor deceitful could bring you a blessing. A difference of faith between husband and wife is a grave cause of dislike, and your parents would have good reason to object on that score alone.

GERTRUDE.—The dry rot in wood is produced by a minute plant of the tribe of fungi, which bore holes like those made by an insect. To kill it, the pores of the wood must be filled up with some chemical substance, such as creosote, chloride of zinc or lime; or if old oak, beeswax and turpentine.

ANNA.—The "slur," or legato, mark is a curved line over two or more notes to show that they must be played smoothly. "Syncopation" is tying by means of a slur the last note of a bar to the first note of the next, the accent being thus displaced, the first note being contracted by cutting off half its value and giving it to the following note. You appear to have confounded the meaning of legato and "syncopated."

MARY.—If the only effect the rum and castor oil had on your hair was to make it "awfully greasy, and smell confoundedly," we suspect that the fault must have been in your mode of applying it. Did you make a basketful and dip your head in it?—or did you apply the castor oil only to your hair? You may use the oatmeal for washing your face: it is more softening than soap, and has not the latter's tendency to dry up the cuticle. Writing may be improved.

V. S.—The last gibbet erected in England was for George Cook, a bookbinder of Leicester, who executed for the murder of Mr. Paas, a London commercial traveler. Cook's body was put on a gibbet 25 ft. high, on Saturday, August 11, 1832, in Saffron Lane, Aylestone, near Leicester; but owing to great disturbances which arose among the crowds of people who thronged the place every Sunday it was afterwards taken down and buried on the spot where the gibbet stood.

FORSAKEN.—"There is a tide in the affairs of men," is from Julius Cæsar, one of Shakespeare's plays. We cannot say "if there is only one tide in people's lives," as sometimes they have many chances of doing well. But if you have lost yours through faults of character and conduct, which you will now begin to correct, the lesson will have been a good one, and you will run a better chance of future happiness—as a God-fearing, loving, unselfish girl—than you did before your troubles.

GROUNDSEL.—The "Ionic School, in ancient Greece, were all natives of Ionia, and were the earliest of the Greek philosophers. They tried to prove that all created things spring from one principle—Thales said that it was water; Anaximenes said it was air or gas; Anaxagoras that it was atoms; Heraclitus that it was fire or caloric; while Anaximander asserted that the elements of all things are eternal, for exnihilo nihil fit. We cannot help thinking that this was not quite what you wanted to ask, and that you have not written your query correctly. If so, write again, and we will explain to you the term we think you have misspelt.

IVY.—We never heard of Scotch oatmeal being a canary's food. Give him two large teaspoonfuls of canary and summer rape-seed mixed daily, sometimes adding a little cabbage-seed. In summer give a sprig of water (not land) cress, groundsel, plantain, or scrap of cabbage leaf, and a piece of hay salt may be stuck between the bars. They like sugar but it is bad for them. In winter a scrap of sweet apple will do no harm in place of groundsel. When moulting, put some saffron in the drinking water, or a rusty nail, and let him at all times have plenty of fresh water, keeping him well preserved from any draught. You do not describe the bird's ailment, so we cannot prescribe for it.